

A BROWN STONE FRONT

CHANDOS FULTON



"ROUND THE EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES"

THE PUCK NOVELS

H. L. HINTON. NEW YORK



THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

TH

By
last c
and v
of tl
Chap
affor
fast-c
rude
volur
appe
volur

TH

O
ing C
the n
Cloth
I
acqu
who v
of th
It cor
uous
of ch
It is p
"A
in the

SEI

hi
ecclesiastical and political cowboys. The Pope, the Devil, Victor Emmanuel, Louis Napoleon, and an American, Buncombe, are the most prominent figures in the scene of the Auction at St. Peter's where the Pope and his paraphernalia are put up at public vendue. The satire is humorous rather than sarcastic, and the author holds up his subjects for merriment more than for ridicule. Price 25 cts.

Ready Early in the Fall.

PUT TO THE TEST; A STORY OF A WOMAN'S FAITH

BY CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN, Jr. The author's faithful delineation of character, the well-constructed plot, the simple touching faith of the heroine in her young conspirator husband, and the patient endurance which she exhibits in her long search for him combine to make this book one of those few good novels where the word "finis" is never welcome and where the volume is closed by the sympathetic reader with a feeling of regret.

MY COMRADES. A STORY OF THE HUDSON. BY

HOWARD HINTON. Containing interesting adventures among the Highlands, and giving, by way of episode, a *mélange* of the History and Legendary Lore of the Hudson.

LAND. B

ich, during the
a commonalt,
ne best know
ohn Cleap th

These book
rescue from
ple then in
lished in thre
and third wi
rice \$1.25 pe

UNT OF TH

ip of the lead
en portraits o
Large 12mo

no are ahead
; and to thos
ties and habit
uable manual
ls, and perspic
nd description
f the narrative
binding.
a keen interes
une.

M. BYER. A
telling down o

THE PUCK NOVELS

THE NEW 75 Cent SERIES OF BOUND NOVELS.

THE PUCK NOVELS,—A SERIES OF STORIES BY POPULAR

Foreign and American Authors, are now issuing in rapid succession. The series will be limited to stories embracing a single continuous plot, containing the pith of what, in more pretentious works, is usually extended over a wide field. The series is handsomely printed, tastefully bound in cloth, and published at 75 cts. a volume.

- No. 1. **THE COMING RACE.** By BULWER LYTTON. "Together with his usual strength of style and power of arousing interest, '*The Coming Race*' contains a vein of philosophy peculiarly interesting to those who study social questions and science."
- No. 2. **THE BELLS.** A Romantic Story from the French Novel,—'*Le Juif Polonais*.' By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, authors, also, of the play "*The Bells*," which is founded upon this story.
- No. 3. **POWDER AND GOLD.** A Story of the Franco-Prussian War. From the German of LEVIN SHUCKING.
- No. 4. **A BROWN-STONE FRONT.** A Story of New York Society. By CHANDOS FULTON.
- No. 5. **THE MAIDEN OF TREPPI.** A Romance of the Apennines. From the German of PAUL HEYSE.
- No. 6. **NOT IN THEIR SET; OR, DIFFERENT CIRCLES OF SOCIETY.** From the German of MARIE LENZEN.
- No. 7. **HELENE MORTEN.** From the German of PAUL HEYSE.

BUCKSKIN MOSE, OR LIFE FROM THE LAKES TO THE PACIFIC. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. 12 Full-Page Illustrations.

Cloth, \$1.50. The *Home Journal* says: 'BUCKSKIN MOSE' is a plain and truthful, but very interesting, account of life and adventure in the far West. The book appeals to the reader with a veritable Defoe-like charm, although the rough life of action it depicts has little in common with the idyllic romance of a Crusoe on a desert island. Much of the author's adventure had its place among the mines and savages of Nevada and the country east of the Rocky Mountains. His observations of the Indians and the effects on them of the policy pursued by the Government give a value to the book beyond its interest as a narrative.

The above books will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

HENRY L. HINTON, Publisher,

744 BROADWAY, N. Y.

7/17/02





THE PUCK NOVELS

UNDER the above title will be issued, in rapid succession, a series of stories by the most popular Foreign and American authors. These will be stories with a single continuous plot, containing the pith of what in more pretentious works is usually extended over a wide field. The series will be handsomely printed, tastefully bound in cloth, and published at 75 cents.

No. 1.—THE COMING RACE. By BULWER LYTTON.

"Together with his usual strength of style and power of arousing interest, '*The Coming Race*' contains a vein of philosophy peculiarly interesting to those who study social questions and science."

No. 2.—THE BELLS. A Romantic Story from the French novel, "*Le Juif Polonais*." By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, authors, also, of the play "*The Bells*," which is founded upon this story.

No. 3.—POWDER AND GOLD. A Story of the Franco-Prussian War. From the German of LEVIN SCHUCKING.

No. 4.—A BROWN-STONE FRONT. A Story of New York Society. By CHANDOS FULTON.

HENRY L. HINTON, Publisher,

No. 744 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE PUCK NOVELS

A BROWN STONE FRONT.

A STORY OF NEW YORK AND SARATOGA.

BY

CHANDOS FULTON.



"ROUND THE EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES"

NEW YORK:
HENRY L. HINTON, PUBLISHER, 744 BROADWAY.
1873.

341

PS
3511
F96b

A BROWN STONE FRONT.

CHAPTER I.

THE SINE QUA NON.

"WHAT, you don't mean to tell me that Ellen Bates has been married to that young man?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"Yes—they were married two weeks ago, and are now on their wedding tour. They've taken the Canadian trip, and will stop here on their return," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Why he has never been able to support himself, much less a wife."

"It was a love-match, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Campbell demurely.

Mrs. Brown did not deign a reply.

"They loved each other devotedly," resumed Mrs. Campbell. "The attachment was formed in childhood—they were playmates in early life."

"Well, since they waited so long, they might have waited a little longer, till he was established in business and able to take care of a wife," said Mrs. Brown.

"Probably his luck will change now, and he will be able to get into some business," rejoined Mrs. Campbell.

"That is trusting too much to luck, which is another name for chance. With two to support instead of one, he will find it much harder to get along."

"We must hope for the best," said Mrs. Campbell, meekly.

"I know very little of them," continued Mrs. Brown; "but she is a nice girl, and deserves a better fate. She has sacrificed herself by this marriage."

"I do not think she would like to hear you say

so," interposed Mrs. Campbell. "She anticipates much happiness!"

"But the deprivations and inconveniences of poverty will soon dissipate that."

"'Where there's a will there's a way,' you know."

"I regard a marriage of this sort as downright folly. I don't know what Mrs. Bates—foolish mother—could have been thinking of, to have given her consent to the union. It is—"

A wave of the leader's baton brought a crash of music, and silenced Mrs. Brown until the next intermission.

They were not at a concert, but sitting on the rear gallery of the Union Hotel, Saratoga, after breakfast, enjoying the delightful morning air, and listening to the music.

It was a bright, balmy morning towards the close of June, of a recent year; and the gallery was crowded with stylish loiterers, sitting, standing, and promenading, before separating for the pleasures of the day. The band occupied its stand

and discoursed merry dance music, to which many spasmodically kept time with their feet or hands, while some few adolescent promenaders were so carried away by the sweet strains as to every now and then lackadaisically break out whistling or humming snatches of the air in an undertone (but loud enough to be overheard) to the intense annoyance of those who were listening to the performance. The babel of voices, however, which arose in conversation immediately when the band stopped playing, evidently showed that the majority listened under constraint; they would much rather have talked, and would probably have talked through the performance but—for appearance's sake, which, I am glad to think, prevents many incivilities in every-day life. I think this was the case with Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Campbell, who sat a little apart from the others, and made a pretence of being busy on some light sewing. They were too well-bred to have been guilty of the impropriety (in consideration of the wishes of those who might desire to listen to the music) of talking during the

performance; a little point of etiquette which is often forgotten by those who patronize the Opera and Philharmonic Concerts, but a point nevertheless,—for the rules of etiquette are not established by vulgar usage, as those of Grammar are. They would like to have continued their conversation and discussed the Bates affair, because they were both deeply interested. While they listen to the music,—a jolly Offenbachian air—let us glance at them. I want you to particularly notice Mrs. Brown.

Both were middle-aged and motherly-looking. They were plainly though expensively attired in charming morning dresses, and unmistakeably bore the *maintien* of society ladies. But they were as different in manner and temperament as in appearance and style. Mrs. Brown, who was also the elder, being tall, slender, and decisive, while Mrs. Campbell, gentle and yielding, was under the medium height, and inclined to be stoutish.

A glance at the two, would satisfy any reader of character that Mrs. Campbell was one of those

passive, complacent women, with no ideas of their own, and a habit of concurring in everything with those they meet, that are so often encountered in society, and the inference would be that Mrs. Brown was merely talking to her because she happened to be there to be talked to. Mrs. Brown, however, was a woman of quite a different stamp; she was one of those self-reliant, positive women who are bound to have their way wherever they are, taking the greatest liberties accorded to their sex, yet never agitating the suffrage question. Independence of opinion, decision of character, and energy of purpose were all expressed in her strong, well-moulded, albeit rather slender face, chiefly in the bold nose and chin—bright, honest, though rather calculating blue-grey eyes, and a cleanly-chiseled mouth, sensitive yet firm, and always ‘bowed’ with a complacent smile when in repose, indicating that, where her own interests were not concerned, she was inclined to be kindly, generous, and sincere, and could be relied upon as a friend.

Meanwhile the music has ceased.

“Mrs. Bates thinks it a very good match,” began Mrs. Campbell. “He is a moral, worthy, well-educated young gentleman while Ellen is a lovely and accomplished girl.”

“That she is. But in the house he will take her to, in the way in which he will provide for her, what chance will she have to display her accomplishments?” interposed Mrs. Brown, with vehemence. “She has thrown herself away on him!”

“Oh, they will get along; he will make out somehow as thousands of others have done.”

“That is trusting entirely too much to chance or luck,” began Mrs. Brown. “My daughter shall never marry with my consent till a husband offers who will be able to give her a brown stone front, and carriage and horses.” This was a favorite declaration of Mrs. Brown’s, and she made it with much dignity and emphasis now, as indeed she did on almost every occasion.

“I am spared this trouble,” meekly observed Mrs. Campbell, “in having been blessed with sons. I will admit in early life I wished for a daughter

but now, when I think of this marriage question, I am glad I was favored with sons. They can look out for themselves," added the good lady with much complacency.

"If they are allowed to," quickly, almost fiercely responded Mrs. Brown, "so can daughters. But neither should be allowed to 'look out for themselves,' as you term the most serious question in life. Sons can be married to rich wives, as well as daughters to rich husbands, with the proper maternal care."

Mrs. Campbell did not venture a reply, but assumed a thoughtful air, and wondered if it was becoming to her.

Mrs. Brown continued.

"Without wealth," she said, "you can do nothing; you are nobody. Poverty is in my eyes a curse, and in marriage either the wife or the husband, one or the other, should have money."

She spoke with much bitterness, and any one familiar with her early life, single as well as married, would have been charitable in their judg-

ment of her; for she had had a terrible struggle with poverty, the memory of which still haunted her even in these days of comparative affluence; and it was but natural that she should wish to save her beloved and only daughter from such an experience as her own, by marrying her to a wealthy man. She came from a good family, but a poor one. Her mother had married for love, and her father, although an accomplished, elegant gentleman, was never able to make more than a comfortable living for his family. He had no business tact, and early abandoned his profession,—that of the law, in which he might have succeeded if he had persevered,—and engaged Micawber-like, in various enterprises. At his death he left his widow with three children utterly destitute. Mrs. Brown was then in her sixteenth year; she was the eldest. She and her mother were provided for by an uncle (her mother's brother). The other two children, boys, were put to business, and had since gone to California. The mother did not long survive her husband; but the uncle kindly cared for

the daughter till her marriage to Mr. Brown, who was then not as well off by any means as now, when he was doing a large business if he was not exactly wealthy. Mrs. Brown had always been comfortably cared for, but she had nevertheless frequently experienced the inconveniences and desperations of impecuniosity so keenly that she never forgot them.

“I do not believe in love in a cottage, or in anything of the kind. It is very pretty in a song or in a poem recited or sung in a parlor by sentimental, rich young people, but it is not practical,” Mrs. Brown said in a characteristically complacent manner that would lead one to suppose there was no gainsaying her words. “It is all nonsense. Yet silly-pated girls will believe it if mothers do not instil a little sense into their heads as an offset to the romantic ideas they receive from books and the theatre, particularly the opera, which is all romance generally. With a comfortable and elegant home and the luxuries riches can provide, love will come in good time. A woman will

naturally love the husband who provides her with these, and her love will strengthen with time, instead of being weakened and crossed with vexation and disappointment, common incidents in the other case!"

She paused to note the effect of this speech on Mrs. Campbell, who, in her eyes, sadly needed reforming or awakening to duties of life, which was not the placid all's-for-the-best condition she supposed it was; but that lady, not feeling equal to the task of refuting her arguments,—indeed she was completely overpowered by them,—had first sunk into listlessness, and then allowed her attention to wander, and now was much amused watching some children playing soldiers on the lawn.

Mrs. Brown went desperately to work on her sewing—embroidery of an elaborate monogram on a delicate cambric handkerchief.

Mrs. Campbell's eyes wandered from the lawn with its Liliputian life, to the gallery and toward the parlor, in which some one was playing on the piano, and into which many of the guests had

gone. She perceived her companion's daughter, Miss Adele Brown, emerge from one of the parlor casements opening on the piazza, followed by a gay Southerner, Colonel Thomas, who had been very attentive to her several days past.

"Don't you think Colonel Thomas very handsome?" she observed.

"Yes—yes," assented Mrs. Brown, not looking up from her work, evidently not thinking the subject of much consequence. "Yes—yes, but he is a poor man; the war has impoverished him, or, at all events, his father; and he is not in business for himself. I pity these Southerners, who, raised in affluence and not intended for business-pursuits, are now thrown on their own resources. The Thomases, however, do very well with their race-horses, I believe, but this is nothing reliable."

"No chance for him there," musingly observed Mrs. Campbell, in a matter of fact sort of way, (that afterwards surprised her) as much as to say, "he's dismissed!" That nettled Mrs. Brown, whose eyes flashed with indignation.

Before, however, Mrs. Brown could mentally frame a sarcastic reply that was satisfactory, her daughter and Colonel Thomas had approached them, and she lost the chance to lodge her vocal shaft.

CHAPTER II.

STRAWS.

Mrs. BROWN arose with much majesty of manner, and very cordially greeted the colonel, who gracefully placed chairs for himself and Miss Brown; a proceeding which the mother regarded with distrust especially as he placed the chairs in close proximity.

“Oh mother,” the daughter exclaimed on sitting, “I have been so much interested in a visit to the Indian encampment. Although the Indians only arrived yesterday, we found them comfortably settled and busy at work. Their ingenuity is wonderful. They make all kind of things with

straw, beads, and colored worsteds. Colonel Thomas insisted on my taking this as a souvenir," and Adele took a pincushion in the shape of a heart, made out of straw and worsted, and held it up admiringly.

"I supposed you were promenading on the front piazza," said her mother with some asperity, regarding the souvenir with ill-concealed displeasure.

"We went out to do so, replied the daughter, "but the sun soon came and drove us away."

It was evident from the expression on Mrs. Brown's face that she did not at all like the "we" and "us" in Adele's reply; but she merely remarked, "If I had wanted you I should not have known where to have found you."

"You must blame me entirely," said the colonel, laughingly. "I wanted to convince Miss Adele I could talk Indian, and prevailed upon her to go."

"And do you talk Indian?" incredulously inquired Mrs. Campbell.

"After a fashion," responded the colonel. "Dur-

ing the war,"—then checking himself, he added, "For a long time I had an Indian from the Red river, Louisiana, for a body-servant; and from him, as also during hunting excursions among his people, while visiting a friend near Shreveport, I learned something of their jargon! But I don't think the big Injun this morning understood me! I have my doubts, however, as to his genuineness. He looked in his straw hat, natty clothing, and comfortable shanty, like a well sun-browned Irishman!"

"Oh, colonel, how unromantic! They claim to be the lineal descendants of the tribe that originally owned this section of the country," said Miss Brown.

"I know they do," responded the colonel, "but I doubt their claims. They are more gypsy than Indian."

Observing that Mrs. Brown was becoming restive,—and to watch her was a source of much merriment to this shrewd young man of the world,—the colonel turned to her and observed:

“I came to ask the pleasure of your and Miss Adele’s company to the races to-day. None of our horses run to-day, and I shall be entirely at your service.” But out of politeness he added, “Mrs. Campbell, if you are not engaged, I should be glad of your company, too; let’s make up a party.”

“Thank you,” responded Mrs. Campbell, “I am engaged to the Stevenses.” Looking at her watch, she added, “It is getting late, and I must go and dress;” and she retired from the group.

“You are very kind,” said Mrs. Brown, slowly, “but—”

Adele looked at her appealingly; and luckily for her the worldly-minded mother misinterpreted the look, understanding it to mean a desire to go to the races, which was the fashionable thing to do, rather than a wish to be again in the society of the captivating Southerner.

Mrs. Brown reflected a moment; she had no engagement to go to the races that day—and it was considered very slow to remain away, because really everybody that was anybody went—yet she

did not care to encourage the advances of Colonel Thomas. The result of her maternal deliberation was a determination to accept the colonel's invitation to go to the races, but to cut short his attentions on their return by studiously avoiding him. There is a time when any woman can justify herself in making a convenience of an escort. Mrs. Brown thought this was such a time.

Mrs. Brown accepted the invitation in a few formal words, averring that she and her daughter had made arrangements to spend the morning in in one of the cottages with a neighbor from the city, but she could easily send an excuse. And so they went to the races with Colonel Thomas in fine style, as he obtained the equipage of a friend living in one of the cottages.

The weather could not have been more auspicious, being clear, bright, and balmy; and there was a numerous and fashionable attendance. A very fine sight is a race-course on a 'meeting' day,—the expanse of field, the neat sward, the snake-like track, the trim fences and buildings, the

variously engaged crowd, the assembly of vehicles, the prancing and noble-looking steeds, the gayly attired jockeys, the numerous characteristic groups, form a picturesque and inspiring scene. A healthy excitement it is when the swift coursers come flying down the home-stretch, the people on the grand stand rising *en masse*, and those on the quarter stretch standing tip-toe to obtain a better view of the winner as he dashes under the string. The reporters of the New York papers telegraphed as they always do when there is not a positive *fiasco*, that the racing was the best of the season. It was certainly very good.

While Mrs. Brown was engaged in a conversation "across the benches" with a well-known General of the United States Army, and an equally eminent leader of the forces on Broad street,—for without any claims to beauty, or rare conversational power, Mrs. Brown with great tact managed always to make herself a centre of attention—Colonel Thomas found opportunity for a few words with the daughter.

"You attend the hops at the hotel, I believe?" he inquired.

"Not regularly, but occasionally mother and I go in for a little while," she replied. [It was customary for ladies to attend without escort.]

"Shall you go to-night?" he asked.

"Very likely," she replied.

"I shall be engaged in the early part of the evening," said he, "or I should ask to be your escort. We have a horse in the race to-morrow, and I intend to purchase a few pools on him. But I shall drop into the hop afterward, and if you are there will you dance with me?"

"Yes," she murmured softly, much pleased.

"Thanks," he replied.

"I shall consider it an engagement," she responded, gazing upon him admiringly.

The colonel did not think that the mother overheard them; but he was mistaken; not that he had any motive for wishing she had not, or caring whether she did or not, for there was nothing to be concealed; that lady, however, never

allowed herself to become so much engrossed in conversation that she could not catch the tenor of what was said in her proximity, or take note of the significant by-plays.

Detecting the movement of the colonel toward establishing a confidence with Adele, she resolved matters had gone far enough, and that she would put a stop to them at an early moment.

After the races, the colonel escorted them over to his stables in the old race-track, and had several of his horses brought out for their inspection.

There was a Lexington colt whose symmetry of form challenged admiration,—and received it from moneyed turfmen as well as from inexperienced but tasteful ladies. The blooded stock of the Thomases was their pride, and was as fine as any in the country; and several equestrian beauties were shown. A fine sight is a thoroughbred horse, with his noble head and keen eyes, superb neck, and easy, graceful movements. “Blood will tell,” and never more clearly than in a racehorse, whether in motion or at rest.

At the stables the colonel had the opportunity to utter a great many soft little nothings, meant by him as such, but received with the utmost confidence and pleasure by Adele.

The return from the race was uneventful. Had the driver chosen he might have made it otherwise ; for the opportunity for a smash-up was frequently and temptingly offered.

At the door of the parlor, when the colonel bade them adieu, Mrs. Brown, preceded by Adele, whose entrance into the room she hastened by a gentle though unperceived push, said to him:

“ We have to thank you for a very pleasant drive and a very enjoyable time. We shall always be happy to see you. Good morning ! ”

Adele bowed meekly from within, and uttered a soft “ Good morning,” with eyes sparkling with feeling and admiration.

The colonel, who understood matters, responded and bowed, and was on his heels in a moment. He went away laughing to himself, and muttering: “ These mothers ! Oh, these mothers ! ”

CHAPTER III.

DISAPPOINTED.

I AM afraid Adele is enamoured of Colonel Thomas. If she is, she will experience much mental anguish.

Adele was a very loveable girl. She united the good traits of both father and mother, and possessed none of their faults. She was good-tempered, kind-hearted, courteous, affable, unselfish. She had been carefully educated and was accomplished. She conversed fluently in German and French, and was skilled in drawing and painting, both in water and oils. There was no kind of fancy work—from shell-work to embroidery—in which she was not *au fait*. Her reading had been

extensive, and she was familiar with all the standard authors. But what marked the difference between the daughter and the mother more strongly than anything else, was that the former was thoroughly unworldly and quite unsophisticated in speculative matrimonial views. Her mother had not yet taken this part of her domestic education in hand. The "bump" of imagination was fully developed on Adele's head, and she lived much in an ideal world of her own creation; and the lord of creation in this microcosm was Colonel Thomas. If she had led less an ideal life, and recognized the truths of the real world as they came before her eyes, probably this would not have been the case; for a beautiful trait of her character was that she was considerate to a remarkable extent of the wishes of her parents.

She and her mother usually went to the hop in the evening, in the old Opera House, for an hour or so, if they had no other engagement; and having none for that evening Adele supposed of course they would go.

She made some alterations in her toilette after tea—I will not venture to describe them—and was surprised, on coming out on the piazza, to find that her mother, who usually “prinked up” considerably, was unprepared.

“Are you not going over to the hop this evening?” she inquired.

“No,” responded her mother, “I have a sick headache; and if it is not asking too much, I should like you to remain here with me,” she added in a manner that indicated she did not expect a refusal.

“Why what strange language! If it is not asking too much! Why, of course I will stay with you,” Adele exclaimed, embracing and kissing her mother. “I would not have left you even if you had not asked me to stay!”

“I thought you might have some appointment,” said the mother, observing her closely.

“I promised Colonel Thomas to dance with him if he should be there,” said Adele.

“Oh, that doesn’t matter in the least,” responded the mother; but observing Adele made no com-

ment, she again spoke: "Does it? If so, never mind about me; you can go with Mrs. Campbell."

"Oh no, mother, I'll not leave you!"

She sank into a chair beside her mother, smothering her disappointment with an effort, and the two enjoyed, drank in, I may say, the delightful cool that came with the twilight.

How any sane person,—man, woman, or child,—could leave the delightful cool of the open air for the heated atmosphere of the ball-room is something I cannot understand; yet as soon as the old Opera House was lit up, and the band vacated its stand on the lawn, and appeared on the one in the dancing-room, couples, trios and groups could be observed leaving the mammoth hotel by various exits and repairing to the hop, seemingly attracted to the light like moths. The music struck up a popular waltz, and soon the polished floor glittered with the play of daintily-cased feet.

Mrs. Brown occupied a suite of rooms on the second floor of the extension on the right hand—I really don't know whether it was East, West,

North, or South—and so was not far from the Opera House. From their seat on the piazza, she and Adele could easily see everything that was going on in the ball-room. With the aid of an opera glass, which Mrs. Brown directed Adele to bring out, faces could be recognized.

For awhile Mrs. Brown kept the glass, mentioning to Adele those whom she recognized in the motley throng.

All the time she had the glass, Adele strained her eyes in an effort to discover Colonel Thomas among the merry-makers.

When her mother handed her the glass she told her she could keep it. You had better believe that mother knew what she was about. Colonel Thomas had not come. Colonel Thomas attended the pool-selling in the basement previously to going to the hop, and it was to Adele a long time ere he made his appearance. She discovered him as he entered. He walked in, calmly surveyed the room, and then sauntered around.

“He is looking for me!” she ejaculated mentally.

"What will he think of me for not keeping my word?"

Adele would like to have flown to him.

He takes another survey of the room and then comes out and speaks to the door-keeper.

"He is asking if I have been there," sighs Adele, consciously blushing and glad that the darkness concealed the fact from her mother.

[The mother, however, made inferences from her silent and intent manner that were not far from right.]

Colonel Thomas after conversing a few seconds with the door-keeper, returned to the floor, and made another tour of the room.

It is about time I should describe Colonel Thomas. So good an opportunity has not offered itself before.

Born and reared in the South, near Lexington, Kentucky, at the family homestead, he espoused the cause of the Confederacy in the late war. At the outbreak he went to Louisville and organized and equipped a regiment of cavalry at his own

expense. He was followed by agreement by some friends of his own age from the neighborhood; and these he made his subordinate officers. He and his regiment won distinction. He certainly looked the dashing, cavalry chieftain that history reports him to have been. Six feet and a half in height, well-built, neither slender nor stout, his figure was stylish and commanding. Long jet black hair did not give him an effeminate appearance; brushed back from his forehead, after being parted on the side, it fell on his shoulder in a rolling, luxuriant curl, and with his dashing air suggested the cavalier of a by-gone day, especially as he also wore the moustache and goatee. His features were well moulded and expressed confidence and determination. His eyes were the admiration—adoration, I had almost said—of the ladies. They were blue, and large, and round, and brilliant. He was always attired in a suit of broadcloth, the coat buttoned nearly all the way up *a la militaire*. A felt hat with a large rolling rim added a characteristic effect to his *tout ensemble*.

Before the war the Thomases had been very wealthy. Their landed possessions were very extensive, but they were nearly impoverished by the war, either through their liberal contributions, or the confiscations of the victors. His father and brothers also held important positions in the service of the Confederacy. They managed to save a portion of the homestead domain and some of the blood-stock for which they had been famous in antebellum days.

Since the war the colonel and his father had devoted their attention to raising and training their horses and running them on the race-course; and they travelled about with them to the various meetings.

The colonel, after going around the room a second time, addressed a young lady of his acquaintance. Presently they moved away, and Adele caught only occasional glimpses of them as they flitted through the dizzy mazes of the waltz.

“He has forgotten me!” she sighed.

Thereafter the dashing colonel, who was much

sought after by the ladies, because he was a good dancer, besides being an extremely agreeable companion, engaged in every dance, and with one exception, every time with a different partner.

Adele was heart-sick.

“He does not love me!” she sighed, and shortly after retired, but it was dawn ere she could sleep.

My worst fears that she is in love with the colonel are realized.

She loved him at first sight; and she loved him with all the devotion of a heart that had known neither sorrow nor guile, but was ready in its purity and honesty to surrender itself with all the ardor and freshness of youth, once and forever. The heart is capable of but one such effort in a life-time.

And she had thought that the colonel loved her as truly as she loved him.

In this she was mistaken; she had been deceived by her own love for him, and misinterpreted his glances and the measured cadence of his voice.

On behalf of the colonel I have to state that she,

being a pretty, fashionable young lady, to whom he had been presented by a dear friend, he had thought it proper to show her some attention. That was all he intended. He had not contemplated even a flirtation. He had taken all the young ladies up to the Indian encampment or the fancy stores, and presented each one with some trifling souvenir.

Colonel Thomas had no more idea of proposing to Adele than to any one of the score or more whom he danced with at the hop that night.

Poor Adele! Don't blame her. Pity her.

CHAPTER IV.

HEART-SICK.

ADELE was too unwell to leave her room the next day.

Nor was she any better the next or the succeeding; yet the symptoms—a loss of appetite and a listlessness—were not alarming.

I am surprised that her sagacious and observant mother did not divine the cause.

She was alarmed, and the leading local physician was summoned, and her father, who was then in New York and had only consented to pass a week or so with them during the season, was telegraphed for.

The physician came, found she had a fever, prescribed and left.

The father arrived by the next train, and was alarmed to find his daughter so unwell.

She gradually grew better, and at length recovered her strength and freshness.

It was simple heart-sickness ; this cures itself ; no medicine can relieve it. A change of air and scene, the excitement of travel may prove beneficial, but it takes its own time nevertheless.

A number of gentlemen as well as ladies had called during her indisposition to see her, as it was understood she was not confined to her room and could receive, but she had not been permitted to see visitors, and they left with compliments and an inquiry about her health.

Her mother kept a list of these visitors and read it over to her the first day of her convalescence.

The name of Colonel Thomas was not on the list.

Adele could not for a moment persuade herself that the colonel had not called, and,—preferring to

believe that it was an oversight that his name had not been placed on the list (she did not wrong her mother by a suspicion of trickery) rather than that he had not been to see her,—she ventured to inquire of her mother.

“No ; he has not,” quickly replied the mother, with evident satisfaction.

“He does not love me !” sighed Adele ; and she closed her eyes, and any one observing her would have perceived that her features were momentarily convulsed by severe mental anguish. The look was only momentary, but it was the indication of a desperate, a determined, and, as it proved, a successful effort to dismiss Colonel Thomas forever from her mind and heart. Her hand in her pocket crushed the cherished souvenir of worsted and straw.

From that moment Adele became another being ; she was no longer a romantic girl, but a resolute woman, prepared to face the world. The mental change gradually and at first imperceptibly wrought a change in the face ; the features settled into dignified repose and received the impress of charac-

ter, and the girlish imperfection or immaturity of her beauty was no longer visible.

A few minutes afterwards her mother made some request of her and she instantly replied:

“Yes, mother, certainly I will.” She added, after a pause, with an emphasis and almost fierceness that startled Mrs. Brown: “I will do anything that you ask of me!” and immediately left the room to execute her mother’s wishes.

“Poor girl,” soliloquized the mother. “She is dead in love with him, or at all events fancies she is! It is only a girlish attachment, and she will soon get over it! I shall have more trouble with him than with her! It’s plain to see *he* is in love with her! I wonder what has become of him?”

CHAPTER V.

PAPA AND MAMA.

I AM about to relate a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Brown such as I dare say often occurs between scheming mothers and fathers who have marriageable daughters.

Adele had quite recovered and was going about, but she was absent at the time. The conversation was held in the privacy of their own room.

Mr. Brown, a tall, portly gentleman of about fifty-five years of age, with a florid countenance, and a self-sufficient, thoroughly contented expression, an abundance of white hair and whiskers, listened, as usual, simply to acquiesce in his wife's suggestions, which if it had been necessary, we

may readily believe from what we know of her character, would have been commands. Mr. Brown was a thorough business man—one of the largest and most successful commission merchants on Broad street; he left the government of his household, and all family matters to his wife, and he thought he did enough if he assisted her in any of her projects by complying with any request she might make. He had done his duty by his family in providing them with a fine mansion in Madison avenue, and by sending them annually to Saratoga for the summer. Besides Adele they had been blessed with two other children; two boys, who were now at school at Princeton, N. J. He was constitutionally opposed to excitement and bother outside of office hours, and claimed his right to enjoy contentedly his cigar; and his wife generally conceded him this privilege, never troubling him except on important matters.

From the first he had coincided with his wife that Adele should marry a rich man, or, as Mrs.

Brown expressed it, "a husband who could give her a brown stone front and carriage and horses;" and he was at any time ready to assist his wife in effecting this; but he looked to her to do the selecting and the scheming.

He foresaw that an important matter was to be discussed, by the formality of Mrs. Brown's proceedings.

He lit a cigar and prepared to listen to her by comfortably settling or spreading himself over a cane extension chair.

"Brown," she began, "have you met Colonel Thomas?"

"Yes." [Puff.]

"He has been foolish enough to fall in love with Adele!"

"Indeed!" [Puff.]

"What! Why you don't seem to think anything of it at all," observed Mrs. Brown almost savagely.

"Why, my dear, he is the hundredth who, you

have said, has fallen in love with her," he replied complacently, puffing vigorously.

"What did he say to you?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh, why—nothing!"

"Nothing! Don't talk nonsense, Brown. Remember you are talking to me! Did he not propose?"

"No!"

"Well, what did he say?"

"Well, not much; he was in a hurry!"

"You are provoking! Well, when he runs away with your daughter and you find yourself obliged to support both of them, for he is not in business, why, then don't come to me with regrets."

"Why what do you mean?" he asked in alarm.

"Just what I said," she replied.

"Humph! [Puff, and another, freer this time.] What do you suggest? What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to quarrel with him and so pre-

vent his coming here ;” said Mrs. Brown, coolly.

“What?” [Puff, puff.]

“Just what I say. His family is good enough but he is poor,” responded Mrs. Brown, still imperturbable.

“Oh, he is not to be considered for a moment !”
[Puff, puff.] But—

“But what?” interrupted Mrs. Brown impatiently.

[Puff.] “Nothing ;” but the vision of a duel with a fiery Southerner still floated before Mr. Brown.

“I don’t mean by a quarrel, a personal encounter,” resumed Mrs. Brown. “He is a hot-headed young Southerner, and can be readily drawn into a conversation on the southern question, and thus a coolness can easily be produced. You see?”

“Yes,” assented Mr. Brown, mentally resolving, nevertheless, not to have such a conversation, entertaining no idea of running the risk of enraging a man who was a master of the sword and pistol.

“Well then, the sooner you set about it the better,” continued Mrs. Brown.

“Yes,” assented Mr. Brown, recovering his equanimity and again puffing vigorously.

“Furthermore,” said Mrs. Brown, “it is about time Adele should be married. I have looked about in vain for a husband for her. She is too young and inexperienced to be expected to chose for herself. Now you must help me. You have a better opportunity of knowing the financial resources of eligible gentlemen than I have. It is a duty you owe your daughter to do this much for her. You cannot better employ your leisure while here, than in attending to this matter; or do you know of any one who would be eligible—in your opinion?”

[Mr. Brown had on previous occasions proposed several who had not passed Mrs. Brown’s examination, and he hesitated now.]

“Humph!” ejaculated Mr. Brown, meditatively, smoking very complacently, and evidently heedless of the sarcasm of his wife’s last words. “There’s

Mr. Dick," he said at length, "how would he do?"

"Mr. Dick? Mr. Dick," observed his wife musingly, and momentarily closing her eyes as if trying to remember whether she knew him or not.

"I spoke to you once about him," said Mr. Brown. "You have never met him; he is not in society."

"Tell me who he is; I forget all about him," said his wife.

Mr. Brown then told her that Mr. Dick was a respectably connected young gentleman, who, through the death of his father, had come into a large fortune; and that they had come up on the train together.

"I am surprised you have not introduced him," said Mrs. Brown, and she really looked surprised.

"He has not been come-at-able, my dear," replied Mr. Brown.

"What! Do you mean to say he has been seized by the Smith's? or the Jones's? or Mrs. Rice? What have you been thinking about?" Mrs. Brown spoke almost savagely. She fairly

glared at Mr. Brown, being maddened by his complacency.

"Nothing of the kind," he replied, after a pause and a vigorous puff. "He shuns woman folks. No; he has been on a spree."

"Shame! It was your duty as a Christian to look after and take care of him," said Mrs. Brown sternly.

"Pshaw!" Mr. Brown could not help uttering, though he regretted it immediately. "He does nothing but go on sprees!"

"I will reform him," said Mrs. Brown, resolutely.

"You can do a great many things, my dear, but I doubt if you can do that. [Puff, puff.]

"Make arrangements to present him this evening. I will have Adele ready. See that you have him!"

"I will have to go to Morrissey's to find him," said Mr. Brown cautiously, furtively watching his wife's face.

[She had made him promise in a tender moment before coming to Saratoga tha' he would never go

to Morrissey's; and he had been longing ever since his arrival to go there to supper.]

“Well, you can go there to find him,” she said, and the interview terminated.

CHAPTER VI.

EXIT THE COLONEL.

As he was passing through the vestibule, shortly after this interview, Mr. Brown saw Colonel Thomas at the desk.

Colonel Thomas observed him and approached him.

"Ah, good day," said he. "I was just going to send my card to your daughter. May I ask if she is in?" he continued, after Mr. Brown returned his salutation.

"No; she has been out all the afternoon."

"I regret she is out. I wished to bid her adieu," the colonel said, interrupting him.

“What, are you going to leave?” inquired Mr. Brown, feigning regret.

“Yes,” replied the colonel. “I had hoped and intended to remain here a few days longer, but a telegram from my father summons me to Long Branch. I leave in to-night’s train. Father left for Long Branch with our string of horses the day after the meeting, and he has been laid up with his old complaint (the gout) and so I am needed to superintend the training of the horses. You know we think we can name the winner of the Monmouth cup.”

“I am very sorry you leave so soon,” said Mr. Brown, “and I know my daughter will also regret not seeing you.”

“I must ask you to express my adieux to her; and also to tell her that somehow I only heard of her recent indisposition yesterday, or I should certainly have called;” and the colonel grasped Mr. Brown’s hand, and bade him good-by, making him promise to stay at the homestead if he ever came to Lexington; and then some other person claimed the hospitable Southerner’s attention.

[Mr. Brown was a prudent man: his natural impulse was to repeat to his daughter the colonel's apologies and adieus; but he wisely resolved to consult his wife first, and that astute lady decided that nothing should be said on the subject to Adele.]

Some one told Mr. Brown on his asking, that Mr. Dick had last been seen rolling ten pins at the Indian encampment, and thither he went in search of him.

He had left there nearly an hour since.

"I am sorry; I wished to see him," exclaimed Mr. Brown.

"I can tell you where you'll find him," said a young gentleman who had evidently succeeded the absent Dick in the game. "You'll find him at Morrissey's!" he added in a half whisper.

No answer could have been more agreeable to Mr. Brown, and he went at once to Morrissey's palatial establishment, and found Mr. Dick in the dining saloon busily engaged dissecting a fish (done to a turn), from the lake with a bottle of the Widow Cliquet before him.

Mr. Dick perceived Mr. Brown as soon as he looked into the saloon, and beckoned him to a seat opposite him, ordering a plate, etc., of the attentive waiter at his back.

As Mr. Brown took his seat, the plate was placed, a fish served, and his glass filled; and soon the two were in conversation.

After a few common-place remarks, Mr. Dick became confidential as well as morose.

He confessed he had just lost five thousand at faro in an endeavor to recover one thousand which he lost last night; and he looked, and probably felt, very miserable; but whether at the pecuniary loss or at the lack of skill or luck in the game which the loss implied, it is not in my power to say. I am able to state, however, that he need not have regretted for a moment the pecuniary loss; he could afford it.

Mr. Brown, by way of consolation, made a remark to this effect, without affording much solace to the young gentleman.

“What have you been doing since you have

been up here, that I have not seen you?" asked Mr. Dick, perhaps anxious to change the conversation.

"Oh, I have been with my family!" replied Mr. Brown; and then he went on to tell his friend he wanted to introduce him to his daughter in the evening, and planned a drive to the lake and a fish supper.

Mr. Dick was pleased and readily assented; Mr. Brown was surprised as well as delighted.

Slightly under the influence of champagne, and chagrined at his "bad luck," he was in a mood when he could be controlled by any one who happened to be with him; and it was fortunate for Mr. Brown that he was in that condition now.

Their repast finished, they left Morrissey's together, and passed the rest of the afternoon in a cool corner of the piazza at Congress Hall where Mr. Dick was stopping; and in the desultory conversation that ensued, Mr. Brown learned much about his friend that was very interesting.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. DICK.

A BRIEF chapter here concerning Mr. Dick, who in the future will play a prominent part in my story, will not, I hope, prove unacceptable to the reader.

In early life, in fact until the age of fifteen, Mr. Dick had been worked so hard on his father's farm in the interior of the state, that he determined, and he had since had no reason to change his decision, not to do any steady work if he could help it. Fortune favored him. When he was fifteen his father became independent by quarrying a stone mine on his farm; exhausting which, he was fortunate in

being able to sell the estate at a good price. He removed to New York. William—for this was the boy's name—was placed at school. His father engaged in speculation and was successful. I have neglected to state that his mother died while he was very young; he was the first and only child. William had little capacity for learning, though he remained five years at school. His tutors recognized his incapacity and humored him because he was a rich man's son. He attended school when he had no other engagement, and studied when so inclined. Indeed, he did pretty much as he pleased there as at home. Deprived of a mother's watchful care and neglected by his father, who was completely absorbed in his business pursuits—those of speculating in real estate and stocks—it is not surprising that he fell in with bad company and became dissipated. He had money, he had leisure; he had a constitution that could stand a great deal. He left school of his own accord, and immediately entered a gymnasium where he became a skillful and brave athlete. He was a youth of muscular

proportions, who at this period looked like a pugilist or professional oarsman, and this was what he "affected." He had no higher aspirations, when, at the age of twenty-two he came into the possession of his father's fortune by the sudden death of that gentleman caused by the breakage of a blood vessel from intense excitement during a crisis in Broad street. You may remember the circumstance. It was freely commented on in the daily papers. Excepting a loose hundred thousand his money was well invested; and this William sensibly added to one of the deposits, deciding to live on and within his income. He sold the residence and went into a suite of rooms at a fashionable hotel. He now became less of a sporting man, and more a man of the world. I might go on at this rate and fill many pages with items about him; but the interest of my story does not warrant this. To come, then, down to the present, a few months before visiting Saratoga, his wealth was increased to a million by an inheritance from an old uncle in Connecticut whom he had never

seen, (which was perhaps fortunate for him.) At the age of twenty-four we find him a millionaire. He had freed himself from the aspect of a professional athlete by letting his hair grow to a decent length, and by donning the subdued colors and plain clothes which distinguish the gentleman.

In the conversation alluded to, it is but fair to state that Mr. Dick did not tell all this to Mr. Brown; I have added a good deal from my own personal knowledge. The conversation lasted till tea-time, when Mr. Brown left to go to his tea, and to prepare his wife and daughter to receive Mr. Dick an hour and a half later.

The ladies had already made their toilettes in expectation, and Mr. Brown found time to relate to his wife his conversation with Mr. Dick.

"I will be a mother to him," said Mrs. Brown, energetically.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. DICK IS PRESENTED.

MR. DICK called after tea. He found Mr. Brown sitting on the front piazza, smoking. In truth he was awaiting him, in order to "capture him," as he facetiously said to his wife, as he left her, before anybody else ran off with him; but the cigar was the game. Brown regretted having to throw away his half-finished cigar, and secretly wished Dick had waited a quarter of an hour later. He sacrificed the cigar, however, with manly resignation.

The ladies awaited them on their piazza—I mean

that part of the piazza which fronted their private rooms—and thither the gentlemen went.

Mr. Dick was presented with much ceremony, and provided with a chair between mother and daughter, Mr. Brown seating himself on the other side of his wife.

Adele was very charming in a white organdie, with natural flowers in her beautiful blonde hair.

Mrs. Brown contrived to make the two hours that Mr. Dick remained with them pass very pleasantly.

He admitted as much to himself on his way back to his hotel.

Mrs. Brown did not think that on first acquaintance, especially if her mother were by, a young lady should run the risk of being considered forward and pert by an excess of affability, and Adele taking little interest in the proceeding, said just enough to please her.

Mr. Dick's conversational power was limited—in the presence of ladies; and he felt very grateful to Mrs. Brown for relieving him of the em-

barrassment of talking, by skillfully conducting the conversation.

As he was leaving he asked Brown "how about that drive to the lake and a fish supper at Moon's?"

Mr. Brown told him they would go the next evening if it would be convenient to him.

Mr. Dick said it would, and added that he must be permitted to do the honors of the occasion.

"Oh, you shall have that privilege another time," responded Mr. Brown, jocularly.

"Very well; I shall hold you to your promise," replied Mr. Dick. He continued:—"I have sent down to New York for my carriage and horses, and I hope we can arrange some pleasant drives;" whereupon Mrs. Brown smiled pleasantly.

He then made his adieus and left.

"What do you think of him?" inquired the mother.

"Not well educated nor very well bred; but a clever, good-natured sort of person," was the daughter's summary.

“A capital fellow!” was the father’s comment.

“I will confess I wish I knew more of his family,” Mrs. Brown resumed thoughtfully.

Mrs. Brown had much family pride. Mr. Brown, who came from New Jersey, did not know anything of his ancestors beyond his grandfather; but his wife who was the granddaughter of an esteemed Knickerbocker, could trace her descent back several generations,—Dutch on the paternal side, on the maternal, English. Her own mother was an English lady, and from her she came by the crest which adorned her china and plate.

“But,” she added, after a pause, “he is a millionaire.”

CHAPTER IX.

BUTTERFLIES.

FROM the drive and supper which had been planned may be dated Mr. Dick's courtship of Adele; for in these he occupied a place by her side and was shrewdly permitted by the mother to monopolize her conversation.

Miss Finch, an old maid, who, regularly since she "came out," had visited Saratoga for the benefit of the waters, (with no idea of catching a husband,) declared all the courting was done by Mrs. Brown; but this, in justice to the mother, I must deny.

Two evenings afterward, by which time Mr. Dick's carriage and horses had arrived, they took their first drive with him, followed by the supper at Moon's,—excursions which were frequently repeated, and as may be imagined were always very enjoyable. The four made up the complement for a table; and four are enough for a sociable repast. There can be no sociability when there are more. Brown, however, was a *gourmand*, and would allow little conversation while the luscious fish was being dissected; for cold fish had no flavor and was consequently not palatable; therefore, he wished them to devote their attention to it while it was before them—there was time enough afterward for chat. He instructed the waiters to remove the plate of any one who relaxed his attention to its luscious contents and gave way to conversation. The only one caught in this crime was his wife.

Mr. Dick also became the ladies' escort to the Springs—for of course they took the waters regularly—and they enjoyed many delightful promen-

ades in the shady park in the glory of morning as well as under the twilight shadows.

All this was a novel experience to Mr. Dick, who had been little in ladies' society, or, in fact, in society at all; and, his new found friends improving on acquaintance, he regarded with great pleasure the turn of fortune which brought them together.

As yet, however, it was merely a flirtation. In early life he had declared he should never marry; and later when he saw his wedded friends disagreeing, he fortified himself in this resolution. Now, the subject never once entered his thoughts.

When some of his friends jocosely congratulated him on his good fortune in obtaining the company of so charming a young lady, his vanity was touched, and he took pride in parading his attentions to Adele.

Once when she accepted the escort of another gentleman, (obeying in this the skilful strategy of her mother,) he was quite piqued. He never passed a more miserable afternoon in his life. He took good care in the future to be in regular attendance

on her. He ordered from the city a stylish equipage, and they attended the races daily during the second or August meeting.

Here Adele met Colonel Thomas, but her recognition was very cold and formal. But the colonel did not give the affair a second thought.

The colonel made himself the object of general attention one day, by subduing a restless horse, who, when he came to the post, would not stand still, but started off prematurely and endeavored to throw his rider. He seized the horse by the bridle and soon brought him to his senses. The horse was one of his own, and he stood in front of him instead of the side, annoying him.

But the next day, as if divining her wish, Mr. Dick made himself equally conspicuous to those on the grand stand as well as the quarter-stretch. There was a "selling-race," and the winner showed such speed that all the racing men wanted to purchase him, but Mr. Dick outbid all of them, including Colonel Thomas, amid great excitement.

Adele thought well of Mr. Dick for the first time,

this day. The motive can readily be understood. If he were not accomplished and handsome, he was plucky and indomitable; qualities all women admire in men.

Mr. Dick discovered about this time that he was not entirely happy excepting while in the society of Adele; that when he was away from her an unsatisfactory image of her filled his mind's eye, and he missed her. He began to dread the approach of the breaking up of the season, because there would not be the same opportunity, in the city, of seeing her so often.

Slowly now the idea of proposing to her dawned upon him; he scouted it at first, but soon recognized it as sensible and proper.

Men of his stamp are slow and cautious in making up their minds, but bold and energetic when they have once decided on a course of action.

CHAPTER X.

COURTSHIP.

THE majority of courtships—where there is no elopement, or quarrel and family interposition—possess little interest, except, of course, for the contracting parties, the blissful couple, and the immediate relatives and friends, who are in the secret. Lovers are company for no one but themselves. If they go into company they sit apart from the rest and do not participate in the general conversation. Go and see them and they ignore you, after a few commonplaces. When by themselves they will often sit and gaze at each other by the hour without uttering a word. [I have watched them.]

Mr. Dick's courtship of Adele was an ordinary one, and there is nothing beyond a record of facts to be said on the subject. I might make a good deal of innocent fun at Mrs. Brown's expense for her manœuvring which almost justified Miss Finch's remark.

Confidentially, when he thought the proper time to propose had come—please remember, if you think him precipitate, he was encouraged by Mrs. Brown—Mr. Dick experienced much mental perplexity.

The reader can surmise the cause.

I have an idea that men make fools of themselves when they propose to their lady-loves; they will talk freely on all sorts of confidential subjects, but the one in point.

Novelists, too, are cautious in treating the subject, and generally avoid it.

Mr. Dick was a thorough man of the world, but he was no flirt; hence his perplexity.

He was by no means an orthodox person, but he

adopted the orthodox way in the matter of proposing.

The father shortly came up from the city; the season was drawing to a close, and he wanted to arrange for the return of his family.

Mr. Dick asked permission of the father to propose to his daughter.

"You have it, God bless you!" replied Mr. Brown, showing some feeling notwithstanding his delight.

"Do you think she will accept me?" Mr. Dick asked speculatively, as if calculating his chances.

"She loves you devotedly;" was all the father could say to this.

The conversation occurred in the evening after Mr. Dick had called on Adele.

Before retiring, Mr. Brown reported it to Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown sought her daughter. What she said to her need not be repeated.

Adele had expected this—she knew what was meant by the formal introduction several months

ago, and she did not evince the slightest surprise.

"You will accept him," said the mother, cautiously. She added immediately :—"for my sake?"

"Mother, I will do anything that you ask of me," she replied, "as I promised some time ago!"

The mother kissed her and left her.

Adele, prompted perhaps by a perversity common to human nature, unintentionally misled her mother by her replies in regard to her love for Mr. Dick. She did not love him with the devotion that she had given Colonel Thomas; her heart was incapable of another such effort; but regarding Mr. Dick as her inevitable husband through the force of circumstances, she had taught herself to love him, and she now thought she loved him well enough to make him a good and faithful wife. So, the next day, when, in the course of the afternoon drive, Mr. Dick proposed, Adele accepted.

She was true to herself, and honorable towards him.

He was not so honest either to himself or to her, but he did not know his mind so well.

CHAPTER XL

MARRIAGE.

THEY returned to the city shortly after, for the season ; and the engagement was announced.

Mrs. Brown did not believe in long engagements and she advised that an early date be fixed for the nuptials.

“There is no reason for delay and there should be no delay,” said she. And when this is the case, it is cruelty to keep two loving hearts separated by a long engagement.” If she had been given to quotation she might have added, “There is many a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip ;” and she did not mean there should be one in this case.

She had no reason, however, for the slightest misgivings or apprehensions; for Mr. Dick, for a nature of so little ardor, was all devotion and attention, while Adele appeared to be very happy and sanguine.

Mrs. Brown, of course, assumed the management of the wedding preparations. At Mr. Dick's entreaty she also superintended the furnishing of the elegant brown stone mansion which he had purchased for his occupancy after marriage.

Mrs. Brown suggested a bridal trip to Europe, but Mr. Dick from the first very sensibly objected to a sea-voyage in mid-winter. Indeed he did not approve of a journey anywhere at this season; but Mrs. Brown prevailed upon him to visit Washington for a fortnight, while she prepared his house.

There is one thing she deserves and shall receive credit for; and that is that she did not furnish and select everything because some other leader of the fashion had so furnished and selected; but she exercised her own taste and judgment, and did not resign herself to tasteless upholsterers, *et id omne*

genus. For this, in these days of servile imitation and reproduction she certainly deserves much credit.

The marriage passed off with great *eclât*. One of the society journals, which is before me as I write, is eloquent in its report of the event. At first it was proposed that the ceremony should be performed at Grace Church, and the reception held afterward at the Brown mansion. But Mrs. Brown decided that the ceremony should also occur under the parental roof.

The Brown mansion was well up town on Madison avenue. It was a double house with high ceilings, and commodious, frescoed rooms. On the first floor, on the left of the hall, were two long parlors, separated by ornate arches. There was a spacious bay-window in the rear, overlooking in summer a small flower garden, or more properly speaking a large rockery, picturesquely draped with various flowering vines. This bay-window was beautifully festooned, canopied, I might say, with flowers, so that on the festive occasion it

looked like a floral niche. In this stood the eminent divine who performed the marriage ceremony. The society journal referred to, somehow ascertained that the floral display cost nearly three thousand dollars. I know that the resources of two leading florists were taxed to supply the demand; for there was an elaborate display of flowers in all the other rooms. Beautiful flowers, the "joys of the shrubs that bear them," or, as Pliny calls them, the "stars of the earth!"—the air was perfumed with their exquisite odors. The rooms on the other side of the hall, some of my readers may be interested to know, were three in number; in front there was a reception room, which was isolated, as it were, by a corridor running from the centre hall to a porte cochaise. This was a long room as also that on the other side of the hall, which was evidently the dining-room. Both these rooms were arranged for dancing. The band was located in the hall intervening, so that its music flooded each room equally. At the foot of the stairs leading to the ground floor under the

flight above, was the promenade band, the music from which softly and gently floated up-stairs and pervaded the rooms with its distant and subdued strains. The location of this band, so that its music could reach the rooms above without deafening conversation, was a happy idea of Mrs. Brown's. Back of the dining-room was the conservatory, which was quite crowded with shrubs and small-sized trees from the tropics and other climes; in the foliage of which were discovered gilt cages containing sweet-voiced singing birds. On the ground floor in a spacious room, were two large tables for those who wished to sit and leisurely enjoy the repast; while in an apartment up-stairs on the second floor, was prepared a collation for those who merely wished a hasty plate of cream or salad, with a sip of wine. There was a large and fashionable attendance; though the rooms were never more than comfortably filled, so that all enjoyed themselves.

Adele was angelic in her loveliness. With admirable appreciation of her beauty, her mother

dressed her very simply in a close fitting, though flowing white satin, high in the neck, with a ruffle of lace confined at the throat by a diamond cross. This was the only jewelry she wore. The sleeves were long and quite close. Her beautiful blonde hair was dressed as usual with a few orange blossoms concealing the fastening of the veil, which fell gracefully one side, resting slightly on the shoulders ere it fell aside again.

They left for Washington in the midnight train

CHAPTER XII.

THE HONEYMOON.

IN Washington they were the guests of an uncle of Mr. Dick's,—(on his mother's side) a fine, rosy-faced, aged gentleman of the "old school," who had for a number of years occupied an important position in one of the departments; so long, in fact, had he been in his department, that it was believed no one else could adequately perform its duties, and consequently he remained in office through all political changes.

Through successful speculation he had made himself independent, and lived in a style quite beyond his salary from the government.

They were of course, presented at the White House. Mr. Dick had met General Grant once while he was on a visit to the army of the Potomac.

A member of the cabinet gave a reception in their honor, and they passed every evening in society, while, during the day, they went sight-seeing, visiting the Navy Yard, the Patent Office, the Smithsonian Institute, the Capital building, and the Treasury Department, not forgetting Arlington Heights. They also visited that admirable institution, the Jesuit's College, at Georgetown.

Both were quite worn out with excitement and fatigue before the expiration of the fortnight, and were glad to return to New York.

They arrived in Gotham in the morning and were met at the depot by their own carriage; for a stylish turn-out and horses were purchased at the same time that the brown-stone front was bought. [Mrs. Brown.]

The mansion on Madison avenue had been magically prepared by that lady, and on the evening of their arrival with Mr. and Mrs. Brown as

their guests, they dined at their own residence. Everything, even to the engaging of the servants, had been attended to by Mrs. Brown.

After they were comfortably settled in their new domicile, or rather after they had recovered from their journey, and could make the arrangements, they gave a reception, which, under Mrs. Brown's supervision, was a grand success.

The frescoing being much more elaborate than in her own house, she did not devise the same floral display, though the corners and niches bloomed with fragrant flowers, and the same admirable taste regarding the disposition of the music was displayed, only here the bands were entirely concealed from view, and the sweet sounds filled the rooms from some invisible source.

"I have done for you all a mother can do for a daughter," said Mrs. Brown, lingering a few moments after the guests had departed. "It is your own fault, my dear, if you are not happy. You have all that heart could wish for!"

Adele made no reply, though why, she probably

could not have told. There was somehow a void in her heart—in her happiness, which she could not have explained if she essayed to do so. Emotions are not always definable.

CHAPTER XIII.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY.

AFTER this, Mr. and Mrs. Dick were out almost every night until Lent, to a party or ball, several being given in their honor.

Now Mr. Dick was not by nature fitted for a society man; and since the novelty of the experience had worn off, he had begun to feel trammelled by its exactions in the way of social engagements and the like.

Adele, as a girl, had enjoyed dancing and the gayeties of the ball-room; but with the change of purpose and disposition that we have noted, came a spirit of resignation and passiveness that rendered her indifferent to almost everything that she did not deem her duty—except, indeed, her

love for painting and reading; and this she had not been able to indulge to any extent for some months. It was her duty now to love her husband, and she determined to do so, and thought she did.

Mr. Dick, before he was married, went a good deal to the theatre; and he looked forward with eagerness to the time when Lent should release him from social engagements and afford time to go to the public places of amusement.

His wife, however, was a communicant in the Episcopal church, and she declined to go to the theatre during the Lenten season.

He did not care so much for her company, for he had been her escort everywhere since their marriage, as well as for some months before—several years it appeared to him now—but he did not like to be refused; and angry words passed between them on the subject—for he offended Adele and she replied spiritedly.

They were already beginning to discover how entirely unsuited they were to each other's society—he being uneducated and unrefined, caring noth-

ing for the pleasures of the intellect and devoted to the excitement of the world, while she was quite the reverse; but they had controlled themselves and never quarreled.

Of the two, Mr. Dick had been the most fettered by the marriage bond; he had yearned for his old associates and haunts and had only been prevented by a sense of fairness towards his wife, from "cutting" society and returning to his boon companions.

He was incompetent to appreciate his wife's many noble qualities of head and heart, and her varied accomplishments; and consequently soon lost in the familiarity of constant intercourse, the pride in waiting upon her which he had experienced when he was courting her.

Courtship is a by-path near the highway of Life. It runs through romantic depths of the forest, down into dales where flowers grow, and all is enchanting; but it soon returns to the highway, which is broad and full of ruts, and hard-travelling to a great many.

CHAPTER XIV.

HE MUST BE MANAGED.

ALMOST unconsciously a coolness sprang up between this newly-made but ill-assorted couple, which did not escape the vigilant eye of Mrs. Brown.

Ah! if Mrs. Brown could always have been by, I venture to say that their married life would have been as pleasant and harmonious as their courtship.

But Mrs. Brown did not believe the time had come for her to say anything; indeed, she was not sure that such a time would ever come; and so she kept her own counsel, not even telling Mr. Brown.

She was vigilant, however. She learned accidentally from Adele's maid, (who had formerly been in her employ) that Mr. Dick went out in the

evening by himself, and often remained at the club to dinner. Mrs. Brown's eyes informed her that he no longer escorted Adele to church on Sunday.

She had latterly noticed, too, that Adele had grown wan and looked wretched. She perceived, also, a peevish disposition in Mr. Dick, which was surprising in one who had before manifested such a flow of animal spirits.

But she said nothing on the subject to her daughter; if there was any serious trouble, it would make itself known in time, she argued.

Adele was silent and resigned.

Days passed, and they were still as formal in their intercourse as it was possible for man and wife to be.

Once Adele drove down and passed the evening with her mother and father, and in the family circle chatted quite gayly, as she used to do when at home.

Her father asked where her husband was?

"At the club, I believe," she replied calmly.

Her mother, in the privacy of her apartment, subsequently asked why her husband was not with her.

“He did not know I was coming here; I have not seen him since this morning,” Adele added. “I did not myself know that I was coming here till a few moments before I started; I grew desperate at being left so much alone, and so rushed down here.”

Her mother could not restrain the curiosity which had troubled her for some days; and she asked and obtained an explanation from her daughter.

“My dear,” exclaimed Mrs. Brown, “I have done all I could for you; I have provided you with a husband who can afford you all the luxuries that wealth can purchase. If you do not love him after you thought you did, it is not my fault.

“Mother!”—

The mother interrupted her; she did not propose to allow Adele a word in self-justification.

“Any man,” said Mrs. Brown, “can be governed

if he is studied and understood. Why, your father was just as arbitrary and self-willed as he could be when I married him; but I studied him and soon managed him!"

Adele turned away and put on her things preparatory to leaving.

I will think over this matter," continued Mrs. Brown. "A little mutual forbearance, and this trifle, which now seems momentous, will prove as light as air!"

As she left she expressed a wish that her brothers—who were absent at Yale College—were at home, that she might occasionally claim their services as escorts; then saying good-night, she left to return home, having made no response to her mother's last remark.

Mrs. Brown, after proper deliberation, concluded that a good way to bring about a reconciliation between Adele and her husband would be to invite them to a party. She felt keenly the absence of her children, and had sent to Philadelphia for two nieces, the daughters of a widowed sister of Mr.

Brown, promising if they would come and stay with her, that she would give this party in their honor.

Invitations were therefore issued for a large party, shortly after Easter.

On the evening of the day they reached Adele, Mr. Dick dined at home for the first time in weeks.

He had, unknown to Adele, sent word to his butler that he should bring a gentleman home to dine with him; and an admirable dinner was prepared, to Adele's great satisfaction.

He entertained Señor Viva, a Spanish gentleman of great wealth, who had recently arrived from Europe with letters of introduction from an esteemed friend.

After dinner, Adele told her husband of the invitation, or rather he found it on the mantel-piece, where she had carelessly tossed it.

He glanced at the date and declared he could not attend, as he had an engagement.

“Señor Viva, whom I shall in the meantime in-

introduce to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, will perhaps be kind enough to escort you," he said.

Señor Viva would, of course, be delighted to be madam's escort.

Mr. Dick was a man of impulse as I have previously intimated, and acted on the spur of the moment; so, later in the evening, he invited Signor Viva to call with him upon Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown soon found an opportunity (privately, of course,) to "lecture him," as she said; and she expatiated on her daughter's grievances (oh! how mortified Adele would have been if she had overheard her!) in consequence of his cruel neglect of her.

Mr. Dick heard her through without wincing or interruption. When she had finished speaking, he with deliberation and emphasis, replied:

"Courtship and married life are as different as holiday and work-day. Courtship is a playtime before the real, matter-of-fact life entered upon after marriage. It is supposed both parties to the contract have got over their tom-foolery by the

time they are married; and they lead the life experience satisfies them is the most congenial. Now I do not seek to govern Adele, and she must not seek to govern me; for she cannot. I will give her everything she wants, but she must not expect me to sacrifice my pleasures to her whims!"

"But she has a right to regard you as her protector and escort," interposed the mother.

"I will take her out anywhere whenever she asks me, if I have no previous engagement. But this time I am promised elsewhere!"

"That is a point gained," Mrs. Brown mentally commented; and she passed on to another subject.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

MR. DICK was an intensely selfish man, but he was not bad-hearted. He still loved Adele, but not with the same ardor as at first; it was not in his impulsive nature to remain long enthusiastic about anything. He still loved her, though in his own way, and respected her as his wife.

After breakfast the next morning, he strolled into the parlor; but whether to read the *Herald* which he carried in his hand, or to take an inventory of the furniture, Adele could not decide; he left her so unceremoniously at the table.

"Adele," he called after a moment, "won't you play something for me?"

"With pleasure," she said, entering the parlors from the breakfast room, which was upon the same floor. She seated herself at the piano with a brighter face than she had worn for days, and with some of her wonted grace and elasticity. "What shall I play for you?" she added, tossing over the music upon the racks.

"Oh, anything," he answered pleasantly, settling himself comfortably upon the sofa.

Any one not as dull of comprehension as Mr. Dick, would have seen she was in a mood for a reconciliation, and was not disposed to exact any more than the proper respect and courtesy due a wife and a lady.

She played and sang with spirit and taste, several pleasant songs which she had recently added to her *repertoire*. Happening to look around at him, she discovered him intently reading the *Herald*. She stopped abruptly, rose, and left the piano with a mortified, injured air.

"Thank you! thank you!" he exclaimed; then tossing the paper aside, he continued: "look here Adele, it is as well we should understand each other! I had a talk last night with your mother,"—this with a significant look which she thought she understood. She turned and approached him, once more looking wan and hopeless. He motioned her to a chair which she took mechanically.

Mr. Dick then spoke substantially as he had spoken the night before to her mother.

His wife did not deign to reply.

He rose when he finished speaking and left, saying he should dine at the club.

"Good morning," said Adele.

"Good morning," her husband responded gruffly.

When out on the pavement he said mentally, "I wish she would speak! She sat and stared at me as if I was making a show of myself!"

Within, the young wife was weeping.

A few days before the party at her mother's was to take place, Mr. Dick said to Adele:

“You will go to your mother’s with Signor Viva as I have engaged.

“No; I will not,” she replied firmly.

“Why?”

“Because I have too much self-respect,” she responded.

“I have an engagement that evening, but I will take you to the party, and come for you—will that do?” he inquired.

“Yes,” she replied; and so she went to the party which she had determined not to attend, if she had to accept the escort of Senor Viva.

The two nieces, the Misses Stephens, in whose honor the party was given, made a very favorable impression. They were petite, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, plump brunettes, with untiring vivacity. Adele had made their acquaintance several days before; but Mr. Dick now met them for the first time, and was so pleased with “his cousins” that he remained the whole evening, forgetting all about his engagement.

Adele favored Senor Viva with her company be-

cause he sought it. She was agreeably disappointed in him, having conceived a dislike to him at their first meeting for which she could scarcely account upon further acquaintance. He had travelled far and wide, spoke several languages, and was a highly educated and refined gentleman, with remarkable conversational powers. She consequently found him a thoroughly agreeable companion, and the evening was one of the pleasantest she had passed in some time.

CHAPTER XVI.

SENOR VIVA.

A FEW evenings after the occasion mentioned in the preceding chapter, Senor Viva called on Mrs. Dick; Mr. Dick was out, of course; as usual, he had not been home even to dine. Senor Viva proved himself to be an accomplished musician and violinist; he played on the piano and guitar, and sang in several languages. His knowledge of music seemed to be as extensive as his reading, and he sung with Adele several duetts from favorite operas. In the course of conversation, he modestly mentioned some little attempts he had made in an artistic line, which he hoped to have an opportunity

some day to display. No one, to look at Senor Viva, would imagine him to be so accomplished. In stature he was short and slight. His complexion was very swarthy and his features small and contracted, especially the eyes. His hair was cut rather close, pushed back over the forehead, and not parted. A perturbed, restless spirit, had this curious looking little man; who was given to facial expression and gesture in conversation.

Adele informed her liege lord of Senor Viva's visit.

"Well, I hope you made his call pleasant," he said. "He is one of your kind, given to music, painting, and reading; and as he is not company for me, I wish you would take him off my hands."

Adele refrained from pointing out to him the impropriety of receiving Senor Viva's visits as he desired, not because he did not fully recognize the fact, but because she well knew he would not appreciate it. But she expressed a desire that he would afford her more of his society; and several times thereafter when the accomplished Senor

called, her husband was also at home to receive him.

Senor Viva said he had visited New York with the intention of remaining only a few weeks, and then going south; but he liked the city and had been so well received, that he had concluded to remain during the Winter. He was a gentleman of leisure and wealth, untrammelled by business and in receipt of a large income from estates in Spain. Still, though it was a great pleasure to receive him, Adele did not encourage the intimacy with him that her thoughtless, imprudent husband was endeavoring to establish. Men of Senor Viva's stamp make themselves just as agreeable to gentlemen as to the fair sex; at the club he played whist and poker with Mr. Dick, soon convinced him he knew what he was talking about when the subject of horses and yachts was under discussion, and in many ways proved himself to be "a jolly good fellow." Mr. Dick took a great fancy to him, and with a magnanimity characteristic of his temperament, declared he must regard his

house as a brother's, and make himself at home there.

Senor Viva enjoyed Adele's society very much, and they were much together.

* * * * *

One morning, Mr. Dick said to Adele that the coachman complained she drove out so seldom that the horses were becoming unmanageable.

"Why have you discontinued your afternoon drive?" he asked.

"Because somehow it no longer possesses an interest for me," she replied. "It is always so lonesome!" She added, after a pause, "Lucy Stephens will return to mother's next week, and then she will go with me."

He was silent for a few moments.

"I have an idea!" he exclaimed. "Why not prevail on Lucy Stephens to stay here? She will be company for you!"

Adele was pleased with the idea, and said that she would see Lucy and get her to come down and stop with them.

* * * * *

Miss Lucy Stephens, the gayest and most vivacious of the two sisters, left Mrs. Brown's and came to Adele. She proved company for Mr. Dick as well as Adele; for the latter became merry in untiring conversation with her whenever she was in the house. But Adele did not mind Mr. Dick's attentions to Lucy Stephens. As long as Lucy was with her, there would be, under the circumstances, no impropriety in her receiving the visits of Senor Viva, which now became more frequent.

Lucy was a good musician and vocalist, and she, too, enjoyed his society. Instead of duetts they now sang trios. Wishing to have Lucy always by her whenever Senor Viva was in attendance, in order to avoid the possibility of a scandal, Adele persuaded her cousin to learn drawing; and while Adele and the Senor sketched or painted in the studio over the hall, she was also there similarly engaged. Adele now resumed her afternoon rides; and after a while Senor Viva was invited to join them. He would take his sketch-book, and the carriage would be stopped while he made sketches

of picturesque scenes in the park, or of the admirable views to be obtained from higher grounds of the Hudson or the Sound. The blank bristol board soon became instinct with life under his magic pencil. There are many beautiful landscape bits to be found in the park, many charming woodland vistas and intervals of lawn. Thus there was some pleasure—not stern duty all the time—for Adele. Don't shake your heads, shrug your shoulders, or elevate your eyebrows, my dear reader. The coolness which had once existed between Adele and her husband had passed away, and there now prevailed a good-natured feeling, based on a thorough confidence in each other, and an understanding none the less definite because never defined, that each was to enjoy life in their own way—Adele with her drawing and music, and Mr. Dick, at the club.

CHAPTER XVII.

TIME FLIES.

WHEN the time came for them to be thinking about a retreat for the Summer, Mrs. Brown, who felicitated herself that matters had righted themselves in the Dick household, moved that they all go to New London for the season. They had been so often to Saratoga, the Lakes, and Cape May, that these watering-places had lost their attractions. Long Branch was too near the city, and was becoming too frequented. They had explored the White Mountains season before last. The pleasures of Newport, too, had been exhausted; New London seemed the only alternative. A

cottage had been erected on one of the delightful drives leading shoreward from the town, which Mr. Brown contemplated purchasing, but would like to occupy experimentally a season before deciding to do so. This was agreeable to Adele, who had no desire to participate as in previous years, in the gayeties of the more frequented, if not more fashionable, summer retreat. It was even more agreeable to her husband, and this decided her at once. It was, in fact, just what Mr. Dick intended proposing himself; either Newport or New London. He had purchased a yacht, and joined a club, and intended to pass the summer cruising about; and New London was a good port. The cottage was taken and prepared for occupancy by Mrs. Brown, by the middle of June. It was an unpretentious and comfortable frame building, situated on a slight eminence, and commanding from the front piazza an admirable view of the bay and outlying sea, and from the other side, a fine stretch of landscape with the town in the distance and Groton beyond.

As long as her husband was satisfied, so was Adele; and with his new toy, Mr. Dick was thoroughly contented and as happy as a child that had yet to learn that this is a world of turmoil and sorrow. He retained the sailing-master and crew that had been engaged on the yacht by the former owner, and they were, of course, familiar with these waters. An anchorage was selected for the yacht in the bay, in sight of the cottage; and when at the cottage Mr. Dick was constantly making a discovery of new beauties in her, and the nautical lore he displayed on these occasions astonished the ladies, and would have made the sailing-master laugh outright! It was a beautiful craft that sat in the water with the graceful repose of a swan. It was a schooner yacht with cabin accommodations for six, and was fitted up regally in all respects. Adele delighted her husband by working a beautiful silk private ship's flag for him. But Adele was unfortunately very timorous on the water, and did not enjoy a sail in the least, excepting, indeed, when there was so little wind that the

craft lazily floated along with the tide, and then Mr. Dick was restive and impatient, and declared the whole thing a bore. He sighed for a high wind to send the yacht scudding through the water at I do not know exactly how many knots an hour. Mrs. Brown shared her daughter's distrust of nautical adventures; and after a while the ladies were not included in the hospitalities of the yacht, except on some occasions when a party was made up for a quiet sail in the Sound, around the lightships, and thence to Stonington and back.

Mr. Dick knew very little about sailing the yacht, unlike several of the captains of the fleet, but his sailing master succeeded in making him believe he did, and he found great pride in giving orders in stentorian tones to that worthy, which he followed or not, as the whim suited, finding it easy to disobey them under the plea of "wind shifting," "squall expected," and so on.

Mr. Dick became so infatuated with this life, that he passed most of his time on ship board. He had some fine sport shark-fishing off Block Island.

Like the king and his men, he sailed to Newport and back, and he sailed to New York and back. He was in his glory when he came ashore in his dingy and then departed with much ceremony, taking his seat in the helm, and ordering "let fall," "give way," with the tiller lines in hand. He always had a jolly party on board, and had a good time.

Senor Viva was frequently his guest; and when he was not with him on the yacht, he was at the Pequot House, and a welcome visitor at the cottage, so that his intimacy with the family continued. He had succeeded in completely ingratiating himself into the favor of Mrs. Brown, who thought it possible to make a match between him and Miss Stephens.

Mr. Dick sailed his yacht in two regattas, and accompanied the club on its annual cruise; but he did not distinguish himself, much to his chagrin. On the whole, however, he passed a very delightful Summer, and was sorry when the season was over. A new joy awaited him, however, in the

city; his agent had obtained for him in Vermont a pair of very fleet young thoroughbred trotters, and he anticipated great pleasure in speeding and displaying them on the Harlem Lane. It is needless to say that Adele did not participate in this pleasure; nor, indeed, was she invited. She would have been as afraid of being smashed up by his fast driving, as capsized into the ocean by sailing before the wind with the yacht dipping to the water's edge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SCANDAL.

THERE are many persons who talk merely to hear themselves speak. They never think, but talk, talk, talk. "Words, words, words," as Hamlet says.

Such chatterers delight in scandal; for to talk scandal no thought is required. They are always on the *qui vive* for a subject.

None but such as these heartless, brainless gossipers, would have involved such a guileless woman as Adele in a scandal.

At first her name was coupled with Senor Viva's. Senor Viva had decided to pass another winter

in New York; and of course his intimacy with the Dick's and the Brown's was continued. In the same social circle they constantly met in the same round of parties. Mr. Dick, who wished to stand well in the eyes of the world, escorted Adele: but he was glad to place her in charge of Senor Viva, as soon as he could with decency retreat to the smoking-room.

Adding the perceptible fact that Adele was always glad to take Senor Viva's arm on these occasions, to that previously discovered that the Senor was frequently seen riding with her, and was a constant visitor at the residence,* the gossips had materials for a first-rate scandal.

A proper regard for the truth compels me to state that the scandal commenced with the ladies.

Dutiful wives whispered the story to their husbands; these repeated it at the clubs, and soon it became common talk in the circles in which the respective parties moved.

The story was industriously circulated by the Social Foxes, who are too sly in their movements

to be discovered in their crimes, and who from principle (?) always fall foul of the Social Geese, who in their innocence repeat everything they hear. Your chatty, vivacious woman of society is condemned when she is entirely innocent nine times out of ten; while the quiet, scheming woman, who is so particular, escapes observation.

Of course the principals were the last to hear of the scandal, but of these Mr. Dick was the first to be enlightened.

He was sitting at the club one morning drinking brandy and water, when a young member, slightly intoxicated joined him, and began to joke him on the subject.

At first Mr. Dick could not imagine what the fellow was aiming at.

He asked an explanation: and the fellow told all he knew.

Did Mr. Dick knock him down as he should have done?

No; though he would doubtless have done so, if

any one had overheard the recital. But his lower nature gained the ascendancy; he allowed himself to become suspicious, and the youth confidential.

He drew his chair closer to the youthful Bacchanal, and heard the story a second time.

Then he laughed at it, but his laugh was forced, hollow and weak.

He lit a cigar and took a walk.

Was it possible his wife had been untrue to him? No, he could not think that of her! She had probably been indiscreet in her conduct towards Senor Viva; that was all. His better nature triumphed over his lower, and he regretted he had not knocked the young man down.

But the demon, suspicion, is remorseless; and it had gained his ear, and was not going to let him off so easily.

Senor Viva—he had not seen him for some days; whereas formerly he called on him at the club two or three times a week. Why did he now avoid him?

His wife had appeared for some time past more

contented and happy than at first. At first she always informed him of Senor Viva's visits; for some time past she had ceased to do so. He discovered now the fact that his wife and the Senor always seemed to understand each other when they met. He had thought her contrary in her disposition; he admitted to himself he had been disappointed in her; but never until now had he supposed her capable of sinning.

His first impulse was to see Mrs. Brown; but no, the mother would, of course defend the daughter.

His confidant and chum was away on a shooting tramp.

He left the club for a stroll, and met Lucy Stephens; although young, she was sensible; he would consult her.

He broached the subject with a delicacy and tact, that was surprising in him; and briefly stated what he had heard, without expressing his suspicion.

Lucy was indignant at the slander; she ably defended her cousin, whom she eloquently eulogized.

Mr. Dick, before speaking, had made her promise "secrecy;" but if he had not, she would not insult Adele by broaching the subject to her.

Mr. Dick, after admitting that he had requested Adele to always welcome Senor Viva to the house, and confessing that he believed the story an outrageous slander, abruptly hailed a stage and went back to his club.

He endeavored to be satisfied by Lucy's assurances; but still the demon of suspicion would not let him alone. Add to this the consciousness that he had been indiscreet with his wife, and he became wretchedly miserable.

Several young gentlemen in the salon of the club, were evidently discussing the scandal; for they appeared disconcerted when he entered. He felt the hot blood mantle his face and brow, and for a moment, his head was dizzy.

"Women, like doctors, hang together," he exclaimed. "Of course, Lucy defends her cousin!"

That night he dined at home, and remained in a greater part of the evening. He made allusions to

Senor Viva that caused his wife to praise that gentleman. This was fuel to the flame that was consuming him.

The next day he consulted his lawyer, who was also a social friend. His lawyer had heard the story; he laughed at it, and urged Mr. Dick not to sue for a divorce, as in his opinion he could not obtain one. If he wanted a separation, that could be arranged privately, without going into the courts.

“But the scandal,” said his client.

“Will be forgotten in the next excitement,” replied the lawyer.

Mr. Dick decided to confer with Mrs. Brown.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. BROWN TO THE RESCUE.

MRS. BROWN heard him through with a patience that aggravated him. He was agitated and heated; she was calm and cool, as if the matter under deliberation were no more important than a picnic.

"You do not believe this base slander?" she asked, when he had told his story, in a jerky, incoherent way.

"No," he faltered in reply.

"I hope you have too much confidence in Adele to believe it for a moment," she said.

"I have," he involuntarily replied.

"It is a serious matter," she continued, "but it can be righted."

He expressed surprise—not, however, at the story, but that she had not heard it before. She did not think it worth a moments' bother; still something must be done.

"That's so!" he exclaimed, to a remark which Mrs. Brown made to this effect; "and that is what bothers me. In justice to myself I must take some notice of it. I am sorry I did not knock the fellow down at the club."

"I am very glad you did not," she interposed. "You would have made a scene that would have got into the papers, and then matters would be beyond control. Besides in all probability you would have been expelled from the club; and that would add to your troubles."

"Still something must be done," exclaimed Mr. Dick, who evidently thought he must knock somebody down to avenge his honor.

"Of course," responded Mrs. Brown. "But do not be rash or hasty."

"I do not intend to," he replied. "I came to you for advice ; for if I had followed the promptings of my own mind, I am not sure but that I should have gone and thrashed the old fool."

"That would have been very ungentlemanly," said Mrs. Brown, reprovingly.

"But I must do something," reiterated Mr. Dick.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Brown, meditatively. "You have not spoken to Adele about this ?"

"No."

"That is fortunate. Leave that to me."

"That I will !"

"It is probable also that Senor Viva has not heard of the scandal either," resumed Mrs. Brown, musingly.

"I have not seen him for several days," interposed Mr. Dick. "Whether he has purposely kept out of my way or not I can not say."

"There you go again, blaming without cause," Mrs. Brown exclaimed. "If you allow yourself to get into this train of thought, you will soon learn

to believe in the scandal. It is always the way with you men; you jump at conclusions; you don't arrive at them by careful examination of the facts. If you men had to make a dress you would spoil it through your impatience in having to match the various parts. Their careful consideration of minute detail is the reason why women make such good schemers."

"I believe that half the schemes in the world—especially the devilish ones—are originated by women!" exclaimed Mr. Dick.

"The scheming that women sometimes have to do to make both ends meet in the management of their household, affords them scope enough for the exercise of their talent," said Mrs. Brown, sharply.

"In order that they may save more to spend on their dresses!" replied Mr. Dick, sneeringly, though without intending to be cutting, as, holding his mother-in-law in much esteem, he would not have intentionally offended her.

"Come, if you are going to talk this way, I will not listen to you," said Mrs. Brown.

“Well, you are responsible for the digression. What do you advise me to do as regards the Senor?” said Mr. Dick.

“You are responsible for this slander; you know you indiscreetly thrust Adele continually into the Senor’s society.

“But that is past; that is not the point.”

“It is an important fact, nevertheless, in the case. But do not interrupt me. Now, since you have brought this scandal upon yourself,—and that you have done so you need not deny,—do you think it would be manly in you to challenge the Senor, perhaps kill him, for doing that which you asked him to do—show some attentions to your wife: or in other words, relieve you of that onerous duty? I say it is you own fault that this scandal has arisen.”

“I wish I had called the Senor to account, and thus settled the matter without consulting you. I did not suppose you would go on this way,” exclaimed Mr. Dick, rising and pacing the room.

"You are dodging the question! Something must be done, and that quickly, too."

Mrs. Brown perceived that he was not in a mood for an argument, and that it needed little to excite him to some rash act; and after a moment's hesitation, she said:

"Will you leave the matter to me until—say to-morrow evening?"

"Yes," he replied sullenly.

"And you promise to govern yourself and not be led into any rash act?"

"Yes," he replied, in a better humor.

Shortly after he withdrew.

Alone with her thoughts, Mrs. Brown devoted herself to a consideration of the ticklish subject. She did not feel altogether equal to the emergency.

"It is no use consulting Brown," she soliloquized. "Men always lose their minds in these matters, and think that nothing but a duel can settle the affair."

The innocent cause of the scandal, Senor Viva, would probably be the most surprised of all when he heard it; and regretful, too, for he was a per-

fect gentleman, with a keen sense of honor. The idea of conferring with him occurred to Mrs. Brown, and the more she thought over it the more was she pleased.

It was late in the afternoon ; time enough for a letter to reach the Senor before he went out to dine. She wrote him a note asking him to call on her in the evening ; or if the note failed to reach him in time, the first thing the next morning.

The note found him in, and he called in the evening, shortly after Mr. Brown had gone out to call on a friend from the West at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Mrs. Brown saw Senor Viva alone, as she desired.

She hastily and briefly informed him of the unfortunate affair. It not only surprised but distressed him, to think that he should be the innocent cause of such trouble.

"It is in my power, and in my power alone," he said, "to settle the matter without any trouble. Leave it to me ;" and shortly he withdrew.

Outside he muttered to himself: "Talk about the

excitability and jealousy of the French; these Americans are worse. They can not credit a woman with any sentiment or romance!"

CHAPTER XX.

A LETTER FROM SENOR VIVA.

THE next morning after breakfast, while lounging in the parlor looking over the paper, Mr. Dick was called upon by Senor Alpha, a friend and compatriot of Senor Viva, from whom he brought a letter, which entirely changed the aspect of affairs. This letter read as follows:—

[Viva's crest and initials.]

NEW YORK HOTEL.

Evening.

WILLIAM DICK, ESQ.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—If you will allow me to

call you such, let this introduce to you my friend, Senor Alpha."

"Good morning, Senor Alpha," said Mr. Dick. "Be seated;" and he motioned to a chair, taking one near it himself. He continued to read:—

"Between gentlemen there should be but one course—a frank, manly course. I have learned that I have by my visits to your house, innocently been the cause of a scandal. I am informed that you are aware of this scandal; from which I infer I have lost your confidence, as well as friendship, or you would have conferred with me. You and your wife, who is one of the most accomplished women I have ever met, so cordially welcomed me to your house, and have been so uniformly kind and courteous to me, that it may be I have been indiscreet in calling frequently; at least the world judges so; there is no other cause for the scandal; there is, in fact, no cause.

"That I called when I knew you were absent, I

admit; but I received your permission to do so. I have devoted my life to art and learning, and the accomplishments of your wife rendered her society very agreeable.

“Having made this explanation, the proper course for me, in view of this scandal, is to remove the cause for it by my absence; and I shall make arrangements to leave for Central America, which I have long desired to visit. A steamer sails on the day after to-morrow; and unless there is occasion to remain, I shall go in it.

“My friends say it would be impossible for me to trace the slander to its originator. If I could find any gentleman (?) to father it, I would honor him with a challenge, though such a contemptible scoundrel would not deserve such consideration. He should be chastised.

“If you are not satisfied with this explanation, I will accept a challenge from you; but I tell you beforehand that I shall fire into the air. I have done you an injury in being the innocent cause of this scandal, and you shall have a chance at my

life, if you wish it; I would not shoot at you, because I would not rob the lady involved, of the one who alone has the right to protect her.

“Senor Alpha awaits your reply.

“With respect, etc.,

“VIVA.”

“Tell Senor Viva I am satisfied, and wish him a pleasant voyage,” said Mr. Dick; and he accompanied Senor Alpha to the door, adding there that he might call during the day.

He returned to the parlor and read the letter again.

Adele came in just as he finished. Some women seem to move in a charmed atmosphere impenetrable to deceit or guile; and Adele was one of these. There never was a purer woman than she, and I hope she will never hear of the scandal in which she has become so innocently involved. She was very charming in a close-fitting purple silk, with her beautiful blonde hair braided across her head.

After a brief and pleasant conversation, during which he felt very contrite for his conduct towards her, Mr. Dick went down to the club as usual.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT THE CLUB.

AT a window of the club-house sat Mr. Dick, his head and shoulders hid by the paper he was reading, and the rest of his figure concealed by the drapery of the curtains. He was not, however, so absorbed in the contents of his paper, as not to hear some interesting remarks made on the scandal by two young gentleman who had entered the room together and stood near him.

One of them was the same who had informed him of the affair. He had evidently been telling the other of this fact, which he clearly regarded

a good joke; and he added, "Mr. Dick laughed at it, as if he did not think it worth bothering about;" whereupon both of them giggled. They shortly withdrew.

"If either of them had said anything to give me the slightest pretext, I would have knocked him down, exclaimed Mr. Dick, indignantly. After I have thrashed one of these gossipers, the rest will stop talking about my affairs. I am glad he is promulgating that I laughed at the scandal!"

A waiter brought him a letter that had been left at the door.

He recognized Senor Viva's handwriting in the address. He read:

[Viva's crest and initials.]

NEW YORK HOTEL.

Morning.

"MY DEAR DICK,—I thank you for the assurances of friendship implied in your message. I sail in the steamer to-morrow.

"I submit the enclosed letter to you, confident

you will see the propriety of handing it to Mrs. Dick.

“With respect, etc.,

“VIVA.”

“WILLIAM DICK ESQ.”

Enclosed was the following letter to Mrs. Dick:

[Viva's crest and initials.]

NEW YORK HOTEL.

Morning.

MRS. WILLIAM DICK:

Esteemed lady,—I sail in the steamer to-morrow for Central America. Urgent business, connected with my departure, will prevent my calling to say good-bye. I thank you for your many courtesies to me.

“With respect,

“VIVA.”

Mr. Dick, on his way out for his customary

afternoon drive, called at his mother-in-law's, and showed her the letters.

She read them through carefully with a great deal of satisfaction.

"Let me have all three letters—I will deliver Adele's for you; the other two I will give you this evening at your house," said Mrs. Brown.

Mr. Dick consented.

"I will dine with you and Adele," said Mrs. Brown, as he left, her face beaming with a secret satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXII.

OVERWHELMED.

MRS. BROWN immediately proceeded to her daughter's.

She told Adele that she had met Mr. Dick, and he had entrusted to her Senor Viva's letter.

That Senor Viva should write her a letter, evidently surprised Adele very much; that it portended something she surmised from her mother's look.

She hastily glanced over the letter and remarked:

"I am very sorry he is going away. I shall miss him. He is very accomplished, and I have

passed many pleasant hours in his society—hours which, spent alone, would have been very heavy!”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Mrs. Brown, somewhat petulantly.

Adele sighed.

“It is the lot of every one to have troubles,” continued Mrs. Brown, “but yours are light compared to what they might be;” and she reported the current scandal with her characteristic facility of description, finishing by reading the other two letters.

Adele sat by her, and heard her through without uttering a word; indeed such an attentive listener did she become, that her pose, expression and gaze, became fixed as in death, and heavy respiration was the only evidence of life.

When her mother finished the letters, she exclaimed in tones of anguish and despair:

“Oh! Heavens, this is terrible!” She endeavored to say more, but before her mother could catch her, she swooned away, and fell over upon the floor.

Lucy and the servants were summoned, and restoratives applied by Mrs. Brown with partial success. She was soon restored to consciousness, but she seemed dazed, and stared wildly at those about her as if she did not recognize any of them. Her lips moved as in speech, but what she said was inaudible.

Mrs. Brown had her tenderly removed up-stairs to her chamber, and put her to bed with her own hands.

In the meantime, the family physician, a medical celebrity, had been summoned.

He was alarmed ; the symptoms tended to brain fever, perhaps insanity.

He administered an opiate, and soon the rolling eyes were closed in sleep.

But it was a sleep that was troubled and labored ; and he sat by the bed-side and watched the symptoms for an hour or so.

When he left he ordered perfect quiet ; and when Mr. Dick came shortly afterward, he found the door-bell muffled.

He was alarmed, and for the first time in his life lost his presence of mind; he stood upon the door-step as if afraid to enter.

The door was opened by Mrs. Brown, who had been watching for him, and who hastily told him all.

He had a dread of death.

He had never had any experience in sickness—his father, it will be remembered, died suddenly—and he was completely overwhelmed, or rather would have been, but for the chiding of Mr. Brown.

The doctor returned in the evening, and again watched his patient for several hours, until relieved by a professional nurse, whom he had engaged. He declared it was too dangerous a case to be entrusted to any except an experienced attendant. In the day-time, during which he would call in as frequently as he thought proper, Mrs. Brown and Lucy could take turns at watching. Mrs. Brown, however, was not contented with this, but

ran in frequently during the night to see that the nurse did not neglect her duty.

For several days Adele hovered between life and death. It seemed to be impossible to quiet her. She raved from time to time until overcome by exhaustion. She told of her love for Colonel Thomas, and why she broke herself of it. She also told how she encouraged a love for Mr. Dick, because she saw he was the choice of her parents; and why, too, she had received the visits of Senor Viva. She never wearied repeating the story.

Her husband sat beside her and listened with bowed head; and though there were conflicting expressions on his face during the recital, he was pleased by the revelation. All was new to him, though not to Mrs. Brown.

One morning, after a better night's rest than usual, Adele, after vacantly gazing about her, inquired for her husband. Lucy was watching at her bed-side while Mrs. Brown was breakfasting; Mr. Dick was standing by the window.

"Here, Adele," he said; and he went and sat

by her bed-side. Taking her hand in his, he clasped it warmly.

She motioned him to lean down and kissed him on the forehead.

A benign, serene smile radiated her features.

Then she appeared to be in deep thought for a moment or two. Looking her husband full in the face, as if to show there was nothing to be ashamed of, she asked :

“Where is Senor Viva ?”

“Gone,” answered her husband.

“Ah, yes ! good !” she said.

Again her thoughts wandered, and she closed her eyes as if trying to collect them.

She murmured, “Oh ! this is a terrible dream I have had !” but her husband did not hear her ; for supposing she wanted to sleep he had quietly withdrawn.

After awhile she did fall asleep ; and this time her slumber was easy, quiet, and natural.

The doctor called while she was asleep.

“She has had a narrow escape!” he said, “but she is all right now!”

Adele’s condition improved daily; she was soon able to sit up and move about her room.

One morning she asked her mother to show her those letters; and, on her insisting upon seeing them, Mrs. Brown complied with the request.

She read the letters carefully.

“He himself forced Senor Viva’s attentions on me,” she said. “Did he wrong me by a suspicion?”

“No,” answered the mother.

Adele’s features were suffused by a serene smile which rendered her angelic in her loveliness.

In a week more she was able to ride out in the park and enjoy the balmy spring air.

Mr. Dick possessed many noble qualities of head and heart which this latter experience had brought to light.

The doctor advised a southern trip, believing that Adele needed a change of climate and scene to produce a complete restoration.

Mrs. Brown suggested and insisted on a European tour, and arrangements were made for their departure in a fortnight.

They sailed in that gallant ship the *Cuba*.

Mrs. Brown's last words on the wharf were a request for both of them to write to her, as soon as they reached London, and both promised to do so; but Mrs. Brown doubted if Mr. Dick would keep his word, as he seldom or never wrote letters except on business.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAPPY AT LAST.

IN the course of time Mrs. Brown received letters by the same mail from both of them.

Mr. Dick's letter was short and sweet, like the schoolboy's.

Here it is entire, minus the date, address and signature :

“Adele says she will furnish you with the particulars of our voyage, which was very pleasant. She is much better, and I am as careful of her as if she were made of china, for I am afraid of a return of her indisposition. I only hope you two are as well as this leaves us.”

“He’ll give you no more trouble,” jocularly observed Mr. Brown, who sat at the other side of the centre table, and who had latterly added a glass or two of brandy and water to his post-prandial indulgence of a cigar. The following is an extract from Adele’s letter:

. . . . “I have discovered in William many noble qualities, which have endeared him to me. He could not be more attentive and kind than he is. I am happy once more!”

“She is happy at last!” exclaimed Mr. Brown.

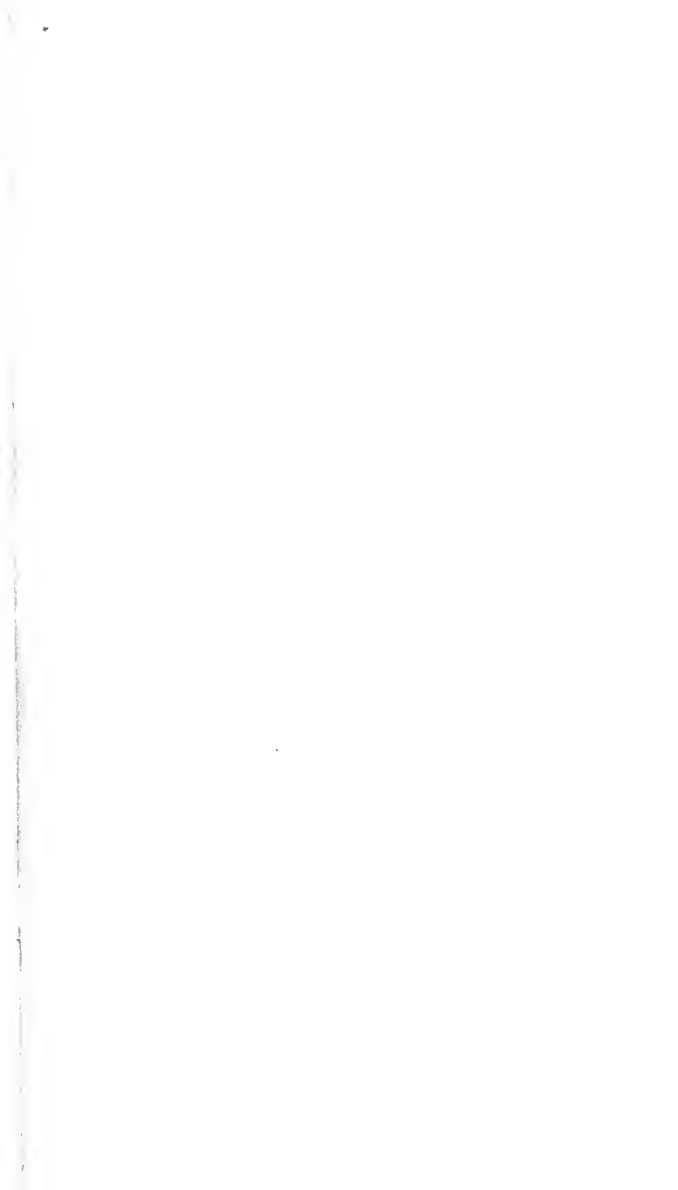
“And she has got her brown stone front!” jocosely exclaimed Mr. Brown, looking up from his *Evening Post*, and draining his glass, which had, I fear, proved too much for him.

In another mood Mrs. Brown would have administered a sarcastic rebuke; but now her look of reproof was but momentary.

“She is happy at last!” she reiterated; and giving way to her feelings she shed tears freely; but they were tears of joy, and her face soon cleared and

brightened and was radiant with smiles. After many days of conflicting emotions she had found peace at last, and there was hope in the future.

THE END.





UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D LD-URL
ORION
LD/URL MAR 07 '89
JUN 07 1989
msk 26

PS3511v796B

CALL NUMBER

SER VOL P1

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
THIS BOOK CARD



University Research Library



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26
GLOBE 49145

THE HUMOROUS CHAPBOOKS OF SCOTLAND. BY JOHN FRAZER, late of Glasgow University.

By "Chapbooks" is meant the penny histories which, during the last century, formed the chief literature of the Scottish commonalty, and were sold by travelling pedlers, or chapmen. The best known of them relate the exploits of George Buchanan, John Cheap the Chapman, The Haverel Wives, Jockie and Maggie, &c. These books afford a pleasant insight into Scottish character, and rescue from a fast-coming obscurity many amusing legends of a people then in a rude stage of civilization. These books will be published in three volumes, the first of which is now ready. The second and third will appear in the course of the Summer and Fall. Price \$1.25 per volume. Complete work, \$3.00.

THE CLUBS OF NEW YORK. WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE Origin, Progress, Present Condition, and membership of the leading Clubs. An essay on New York Club Life, with pen portraits of the most prominent club men. By F. G. FAIRFIELD. Large 12mo. Cloth Extra, Gilt Top, \$2.25.

This book cannot fail to be interesting to those who are already acquainted with this great feature of Metropolitan life; and to those who would gain a knowledge of the personal peculiarities and habits of the celebrities of the Metropolis, it will be an invaluable manual. It combines the careful research, collection of materials, and perspicuous arrangement of a history, with quaint remarks, and descriptions of character, which give spice and flavor to every page of the narrative. It is published in the most elegant style of printing and binding.

"Mr. Fairfield has evidently performed his task with a keen interest in the subject, and great zest of description."—*The Tribune*.

SELLING OUT YE POPE. A SATIRE. BY M. BYER. A humorous and imaginative description of the pulling down of ecclesiastical and political cobwebs. The Pope, the Devil, Victor Emmanuel, Louis Napoleon, and an American, Buncombe, are the most prominent figures in the scene of the Auction at St. Peter's where the Pope and his paraphernalia are put up at public vendue.

The satire is humorous rather than sarcastic, and the author holds up his subjects for merriment more than for ridicule. Price 25 cts.

Ready Early in the Fall.

PUT TO THE TEST; A STORY OF A WOMAN'S FAITH. BY CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN, Jr. The author's faithful delineation of character, the well-constructed plot, the simple touching faith of the heroine in her young conscript husband, and patient endurance which she exhibits in her long search for him combine to make this book one of those few good novels where "finis" is never welcome and where the volume is closed only to the sympathetic reader with a feeling of regret.

TRADES. A STORY OF THE HUDSON.

Containing interesting adventures and an episode, a *mélange* of the

THE PUCK NOVELS



THE NEW 75 Cent SERIES OF BOUND NOVELS

THE PUCK NOVELS,—

Foreign and American Authors. The series will be limited to one plot, containing the plot usually extended over a wide field, and published at 75 cts. a volume.



The series is handsomely printed, and published at 75 cts. a volume.

No. 1. **THE COMING RACE.** By BULWER LYTTON. "Together with his usual strength of style and power of arousing interest, 'The Coming Race' contains a vein of philosophy peculiarly interesting to those who study social questions and science."

THE BELLS. A Romantic Story from the French Novel,— 'Le Juif Polonais.' By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, authors, also, of the play "The Bells," which is founded upon this story.

POWDER AND GOLD. A Story of the Franco-Prussian War. From the German of LEVIN SHUCKING.

A BROWN-STONE FRONT. A Story of New York Society. By CHANDOS FULTON.

THE MAIDEN OF TREPPI. A Romance of the Apennines. From the German of PAUL HEYSE.

NOT IN THEIR SET; OR, DIFFERENT CIRCLES OF SOCIETY. From the German of MARIE LENZEN.

ELENE MORTEN. From the German of PAUL HEYSE.

N MOSE, OR LIFE FROM THE LAKES TO THE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. 12 Full-Page Illustrations.

The *Home Journal* says: 'BUCKSKIN MOSE' is a plain but very interesting account of life and adventure in the West. The book appeals to the reader with a veritable Defoe-roughness, though the rough life of action it depicts has little in common with the idyllic romance of a Crusoe on a desert island. Much of the adventure had its place among the mines and the country east of the Rocky Mountains. The story of the Indians and the effects on them by the Government give a value to the book as a narrative.

The above books will be sent by mail, per

HENRY L. HINTON

A BROWN STONE FRONT

CHANDOS FULTON



"ROUND THE EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES"

THE PLUCK NOVELS

H. L. HINTON. NEW YORK



0 575197 000 A